

COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK Newspaper Society

CABLED extracts from the annual report of the Commonwealth Press Union, published here this week, may not have excited a great deal of public attention, but to Hongkong newspapers they were significant of the Union's activities in endeavouring to safeguard the interests of the Press because, by interesting coincidence, the Hongkong Newspaper Society officially came into being on Wednesday. Some of the declared objects of the Society are: to act as a central organisation of the Colony's newspapers; to promote co-operation in all matters affecting the common interest of newspapers; to promote and safeguard local newspaper interests in all official and local affairs. Although the emphasis appears to be on protecting newspapers as such, in fact the Society, through its activities, will be safeguarding the interests of the general public. The prime function of newspapers is to bring to the community the news of the day, in an objective, informative form. It is proper, therefore, that newspapers should be in a position to resist any attempt to interfere with this self-imposed course of duty and responsibility to readers. The Commonwealth Press Union's report cites four examples of endeavours to frustrate and coerce newspapers in different parts of the Commonwealth. Nothing of any such nature has happened in Hongkong, and it is fair to believe it never will, with or without the existence of a Newspaper Society. Nevertheless there is room for such a protective organisation in the Colony. There exists a tendency in many quarters, official and otherwise, to withhold news to which the public are entitled; or to give it so sparingly that many essential details are missing. And for the absence or abridgement of these news stories the papers are naturally, but often unfairly, blamed. The Newspaper Society of Hongkong has been founded on the best and highest of principles. It will seek not only to right some of the wrongs which the local Press has had to suffer from time to time, but also to encourage its members to strive for the highest standards of daily journalism.

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5-Point Indo-China Armistice

To Be Discussed

SUGGESTION BY MOLOTOV IS ADOPTED

Geneva, May 21.

The nine nations trying to end the Indo-China war decided today to start debating on Monday an armistice based on five points, conference sources said.

1. Ceasefire;
2. Zones in which forces of both sides should be regrouped;
3. Measures to prevent military reinforcement after ceasefire;
4. Armistice control, and
5. Guarantees against violation.

The decision was taken at an "arduous" four-and-a-quarter-hour secret session today — longest of the conference so far.

The sources said that the conference began a discussion today on whether representatives of the two opposing High Commands in Indo-China should be called to Geneva. They agreed to continue discussion of this point on Monday.

The conference decided to discuss the five general principles for an armistice at the suggestion of Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister, who was in the chair, the sources said.

Mr Molotov made his proposal after a long and inconclusive wrangle over the terms for ending military action in Laos and Cambodia.

It had earlier been agreed that the basis for negotiating an armistice would be the five-point French plan for Vietnam and military clauses of the Vietnamese rebel peace proposal.

This agreement broke down when it came to a discussion of the principles for ending fighting in Laos and Cambodia.

At this point both sides rigidly maintained their previous positions, the sources said.

The Communists insisted that any settlement must apply equally to all three Indo-China states. The West held to its refusal to negotiate on Cambodia and Laos except on the basis of complete withdrawal of the Vietnamese forces there.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

Nearly three hours were spent on this crucial issue, which has blocked progress since the talks began a fortnight ago, the sources said.

M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, made his acceptance of Mr Molotov's pre-

Military Talks May Bridge Differences

Washington, May 22.

Diplomatic circles here are looking to the five-power military conference, expected to open here next week, to help bridge the current Anglo-American differences over methods of organising a Southeast Asian alliance.

The conference between the military chiefs of Britain, the United States, France, Australia and New Zealand will not be for the specific purpose of discussing the alliance, nor will it have any authority to undertake commitments.

It will, however, enable these five key governments to reach an agreed military appraisal of the present military situation in Indo-China and review the various military requirements needed to meet possible contingencies there.

The results of this appraisal must inevitably provide the military basis for the proposed Southeast Asian alliance, and influence political decisions, whether these are discussed by the military men or not.

A second reason for growing confidence here that Anglo-American differences will soon be removed is that the differences come over a basic question of timing and time is rapidly passing.

ASSUMPTIONS

The United States has been for some time working on the assumption that it is unlikely the Geneva conference will achieve the unification of Indo-China under conditions of freedom and peace.

The British delegation at Geneva have been working on the assumption that the possibility of such an achievement cannot yet be excluded.

The British have already made it clear that if the conference produces a joint settlement, Britain will support a joint Southeast Asian security arrangement to guarantee it.

If the American assumption proves correct the time will come and may not be long delayed when the British decide the situation at Geneva makes it clear no settlement can be agreed upon.

When the time comes Britain can rejoin the United States in its efforts to build up a Southeast Asian alliance to prevent Communism subjugation of the area.

It is in this spirit that American spokesmen here refer to the efforts of the British Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden, at Geneva, and of the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, in Washington, as "parallel negotiations" which are not basically inconsistent.—Reuter.

VOTED DOWN

Washington, May 21.

The Senate today voted down President Eisenhower's request for lowering the voting age from 21 to 18 years.—Reuter.

Students Plan Protest March

Singapore, May 21.

Singapore troops and police have been alerted to deal with a protest march on Government House tomorrow morning by Chinese students. The police, it is understood, have borrowed fire-fighting equipment to deal with the students and will use force if necessary.

The students are objecting to registering for national service, for which the extended deadline falls tomorrow, and want to present their case to the Governor, Sir John Nicoll. They are reported to be trying to hire 300 lorries for their demonstration, fixed for 8 a.m. local time.—France-Press.

Rebels Seize Delta Post

Paris, May 21.

Vietminh forces have seized the post of Anxa, 15 miles southwest of Tai Binh in the Red River delta, the French news agency reported tonight from Hanoi.

The post, defended by Vietnamese forces in company strength, was attacked yesterday by a Vietminh force estimated at battalion strength after being harassed for three weeks. Losses in the fight were described as "considerable."

Anxa is just outside the triangle formed by Phuly, Tain Bin and Nam Dinh in the southwest of the delta, where Vietminh activity has been intense since the fall of Dien Bien Phu.

These posts inside the triangle were encircled by the Vietminh and the post of Yen Phu, seven miles south of Phuly, was under strong pressure, the French news agency reported.

French aircraft dropped food and material for the defenders and bombed the attackers. All these posts were held by the Vietnamese Army, each in company strength.—Reuter.

Mau Mau Gang Escapes

Dares Salaam, Tanganyika, May 21.

Police are scouring forests near Arusha, Northern Tanganyika for 43 members of a Mau Mau gang who escaped after recent battle in which three were killed and six captured.

Army intelligence officers who have been sent to Arusha, more than 60 miles from the Kenya border, are anxious to discover how the gang travelled so far without being detected.

Recently there have been fears that Mau Mau may have found a new foothold in the formerly reliable Wakumba tribe and among other tribes.—China Mail Special.

Tributes To Heroic Nurse

"Hats Off To The Mademoiselle"

Paris, May 21.

Nurse Genevieve De Galar, heroine of Dien Bien Phu, tonight sent a four-page letter home to her aged mother in Paris—the first letter which the Vietminh have released from the fortress.

The 29-year-old nurse, who has refused evacuation, is still nursing the wounded and is in excellent health.

According to reports reaching here, wounded from the fortress have paid tribute to the nurse who has chosen to remain until the last wounded have been evacuated.

"Hats off to Mademoiselle!" was the slogan of the French soldiers taken to Hanoi hospitals in the airlift authorised by the Vietminh.

"It was Mademoiselle De Galar who dressed my wounds," one man, Hans Heins, stated. "She did not seem to worry about the nauseating smell in the tents or about the sweating heat—she was around day and night to look after us."

"Despite the moans and cries of the wounded tossing on their canvas cots, Mademoiselle kept her cheerful smile and had a kind word for everyone," the foreign legionary said.

"She was obviously exhausted, but she kept going. Her face seemed to have become terribly thin and she had some sort of rash, but she never complained."

French prisoners back in Hanoi said that only one French doctor and five medical orderlies had been allowed to remain with the wounded at Dien Bien Phu.

They reported that the doctor, Major Paul Grovin, left because he was not allowed to treat the wounded. He was powerless when they cried "help us—we cannot bear it any longer."

"But even if he had been able to act, he could not have done much for them because the Communists had removed all surgical equipment and medical supplies," one man stated.—Reuter.

Party Game Ends Fatally

Melbourne, May 21.

A man who shot his friend through the heart "firing squad" in party game was acquitted of manslaughter by a criminal court jury here today.

He was a 23-year-old lorry driver, Noel James Carruthers, who amused his guests by firing a rifle with soft cheese instead of lead.

A 21-year-old wharf labourer, John Kennedy, was ordered against the wall to face "the firing squad." He pulled his cardigan aside so that the soft cheese "bullet" would not stain it.

Carruthers fired and Kennedy, the labourer, crumpled to the floor with a lead bullet through his heart.

It was not until the guests saw blood on Kennedy's shirt that they knew he was not acting.—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Rosemarie National Glory.
Chelsea
Outsider:—Miami Beauty.

RACE 2

Invincible Angelic Power.
Gracechurch
Outsider:—South Pacific.

RACE 3

Firefly Johnner.
Aviemore
Outsider:—Straight Forward.

RACE 4

Harvest Moon Green Velvet.
Peony
Outsider:—Dashing Beauty II.

RACE 5

Firestone Fighting Spirit.
Perfectibility
Outsider:—Ringway.

RACE 6

Pot O'Gold Royalty.
King A
Outsider:—Our Pride.

RACE 7

Marine Charger Prince Dahlia.
Easy Slam
Outsider:—Avoca.

RACE 8

Gold Crown Nictum.
Crackback
Outsider:—Bankfoot.

RACE 9

How Do I Know An King.
United Victory
Outsider:—Atomic Caesar.

RACE 10

Fortuna Evergreen.
Strathpeffer
Outsider:—V-J Day.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Rosemarie Miami Beauty.
National Glory
Outsider:—Chelsea.

RACE 2

Evening View South Pacific.
Invincible
Outsider:—Gracechurch.

RACE 3

Firefly Straight Forward.
Ben Lomond
Outsider:—Aviemore.

RACE 4

Green Velvet First Lady.
Maggie
Outsider:—Peony.

RACE 5

Charleroi Firestone.
Kingsway
Outsider:—Perfectibility.

RACE 6

Bengal Lancer Pot O'Gold.
Royalty
Outsider:—Smiling Tiger.

RACE 7

Marine Charger Caesar.
Prince Dahlia
Outsider:—Speedy Roger.

RACE 8

Gold Crown Norman.
Tentfield
Outsider:—Skylon.

RACE 9

How Do I Know United Victory.
Atomic Caesar
Outsider:—Valbridge.

RACE 10

Fortuna Ritor's Wish.
Strathpeffer
Outsider:—Many Returns.

Refuses To Break His 19-Day Fast

Geneva, May 21.

Hospital doctors confessed defeat tonight in their attempts to persuade a 34-year-old Indo-Chinese pacifist to break a 19-day "fast for peace" that had left him "dangerously weak."

The pacifist, Vo Song-Thier, was taken to hospital yesterday when doctors expressed alarm over his weakened condition. They warned him that if he continued to refuse to eat, his life might be in danger. But he remained adamant.

A priest at the Geneva hospital today joined with hospital doctors in appeals to the encircled Vietnamese. He insisted he would take no more than water and fruit juice till peace had been restored in Indo-China.

Vo started his fast on May 3 a few days before the Indo-China peace talks opened here. He remained in a tent in the ground of a villa near the conference room till yesterday when he was rushed to hospital.

Hospital doctors said tonight: "He is very weak. But he will not listen to our pleas. We can only try as best we can to keep him alive with artificial stimulants if that becomes necessary.—Reuter."

Military Alliance

Athens, May 21.

Diplomats of North Atlantic Treaty Organization counsils in Athens have been given information on the planned transformation of the Balkan Tripartite Pact between Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey into a military alliance, Athens newspapers reported today.

The Athens said the press had been told that no objections had been raised to such an alliance and that only Italy made reservations.—Reuter.

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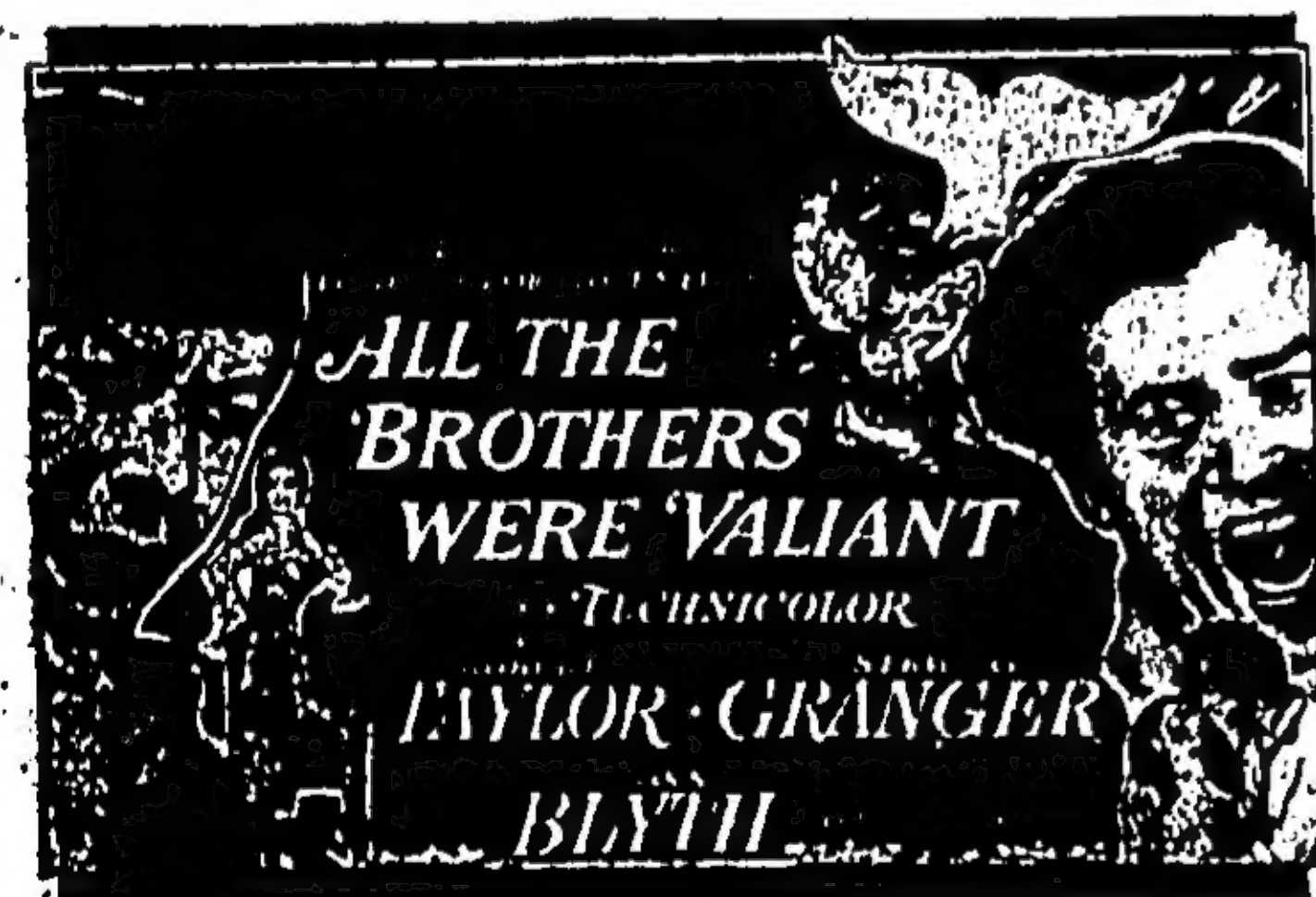
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

I was surprised and pleased to find, the other day, that out of the six young Chinese to whom I put the question "What do you do over the week-ends?", five out of the six answered that they went to the pictures. I was surprised because I thought that the lure of the beaches would have been much stronger.

However, luck of transport was a bad mark for the beaches and the air conditioned coolness of the cinemas a good one for films. With a guaranteed audience, there shouldn't be a lowering of the standard of films shown in the summer, as is so often the case.

With this week-end and next week are at the KING'S and PRINCESS, "BAD FOR EACH OTHER", then a British picture — "IT STARTED IN PARADISE" followed by the very American pair Martin and Lewis, in "THE CADDY".

The EMPIRE too will be taking "THE CADDY", but instead of "IT STARTED IN PARADISE", they'll be showing "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY".

Cowboys take over from dainty 14 1/2. It was at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA and the film will be "RIDING SHOTGUN" with a short interval in between for "OLIVE TWIST". With "Riding Shotgun" will be a full length feature, "WELCOME TO THE QUEEN".

After that, the outdoor picture I told you about last week, "THE COMMAND" will be shown. "THE COMMAND" has been delayed a little due to the length of time it's taking to convert the two cinemas for the showing of CinemaScope pictures.

At the HOEVER, after "THREE TRAIL" there's a semi-thriller called "THE FAKE" and then will come "VICE SQUAD".

The great Fermandel goes to the LEE and GREAT WORLD after "GIRLS IN THE NIGHT" in "THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO" and then comes something quite different again — "WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME".

At the CAPITOL, "ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT" continues to run and I'll be telling you more about it today, as I couldn't spend much time with it last week. "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" will be next.

MEN WIN OUT

"IT STARTED IN PARADISE" is a very long film — it last for nearly two hours and could, I feel, have been with advantage cut by a quarter.

The action moves from 1933 through the war years to 1953 and as the theme of the picture has to do with a fashion house, we get a pretty good review of changing styles during these years. Naturally the present day ones are the most interesting and attractive.

The men, strangely enough in a feminine picture, definitely carried off the acting honours over the women. Ian Hunter as the backer of the dress house, being especially good to watch and Brian Worth very easy in his part as the young publicity manager.

It was an interesting and entertaining film though not a particularly well made one. It was too scrappy for that and the start was exceptionally slow.

A dud dress show isn't the best possible opening to a film — the show is meant to be a flop and the principle characters don't arouse one's anticipation or excitement about the rest of the film by being given despondent opening lines.

The colour in the costumes and decor I found lovely, but oh! the make-up on the faces of Jane Hylton and Muriel Pavlow — the two principal women. Even in the early part of the picture when Jane Hylton is supposed to be trying to appear self-effacing, her rouge is like a Dutch doll's. So is Muriel Pavlow's and she's supposed to be a sweet girl all through the picture.

Martita Hunt delivered her lines like a headmistress giving her end of term homily and both Jane Hylton and Muriel Pavlow appeared stiff and self-conscious throughout the entire film.

Yet I still found it worth sitting through. For one thing I wanted to find out if Jane Hylton, having edged her way out of the business, pondered to the bogus society who think that the acme of smartness is to get their photograph in the Tatler and being boozed the backer into several indiscretions, would be able to get away with it in the end. Muriel Pavlow was so sugary as the nice girl that I wanted wrong to prevail quite badly!

There was a quite lovely French girl in "IT STARTED IN PARADISE" who stole my attention in every sequence she appeared in. With the most lovely smile, figure, poise and voice, she seemed worthy of a much larger part. Lucienne Hill was her name. Kay Kendall, usually good, was disappointing.

FULL ADVANTAGE

Ronald Squires again turned in another excellent performance as the fashion critic "Mary Jane". He had some lovely lines of which he took full advantage. Lines such as "An Englishman NEVER likes to be conspicuous" delivered standing so naturally, arrayed in a brilliant broadsword waistcoat and negligently spraying himself with perfume!

I nearly forgot to mention Muriel Lane. A starlet who manages to get her photograph into film magazines and newspapers pretty consistently, this is the first time I've seen her on the screen. I gather her actual celluloid performances have been very few and in "IT STARTED IN PARADISE" she's only seen as "the dark people" very fleetingly.

The film was made last year just before the Coronation, so perhaps later on we'll see more of her out here — if she makes the grade.

Margherita Laski wrote the screenplay and I'm surprised that this clever writer did not see the necessity for a certain amount of cutting.

MARTIN AND LEWIS

"THE CADDY" is a Martin and Lewis picture. For the life of me I couldn't decide whether I liked or disliked them. And one can never remain neutral about comics. Either they make you laugh and you go to their films for the lift necessary to everyone from time to time or they have some subtle cleverness that underlines and gives new meaning to ordinary everyday happenings — or they just bore you.

I'd not seen this particular team before and I want to see another of their films before deciding whether they're clever or just silly — whether Lewis is either of these to be exact.

For he's the clown in the act, although Dean Martin is no slick gag-feeder. He is the smart one of the two, but not so smart that you feel he needs taking down a peg.

Martin has a pleasant, likeable personality allied to a good singing voice and any antipathy aroused by the couple is the fault of Jerry Lewis.

His voice is inclined to grate rather than amuse and his simplicity tends to irritate. There's no denying that as a team, though, they definitely have something.

In "THE CADDY" their comedy situations are built around Lewis' proficiency at golf. The one snag is that he's terrified of people watching him. So instead of setting out to win big money playing in tournaments himself, he coaches Martin, makes him a star golfer and goes everywhere with him as his caddy. As in all vehicles for comedy teams, the rest of the plot is immaterial.

The song hit of some few months back — "That's Amore" — is sung in the film by Dean Martin against an Italian kitchen background — Pa, Ma and all the neighbours forming the chorus. It's quite effective.

To sum up, "THE CADDY" seems to be a fairly representative Martin and Lewis picture, so if you've liked them before, you'll like them in this. I think I did, but I'm not quite sure.

I wish I'd been able to get along to the preview of "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" but as two films were being shown at the same time in two different places and the other was that all too rare occurrence — a CinemaScope preview — it took precedence.

LOOK AT THE STARS I'm told by many people who have seen "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" is

good. It should be — look at the stars — Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. Screenplay writer and producer is Anatole France. Various critics in England have called it "heart-warming", "human" etc., and it's also been praised in the States.

The centre of the film is the Vicarage: the time, Christina Eve, Ralph Richardson is the lovable vicar, thought by his family to be too unwieldy to be told of their private troubles.

The idea of a family reunion bringing to the surface all the smouldering problems in the lives of the members, isn't new, but it's usually effective.

From everything I've heard and read about it, this film appears to be one to send you home after it with a feeling of goodwill towards everyone. Happy thought!

The term "riding shotgun" as any small boy will tell you, means acting as a guard to a stage coach. This is Randolph Scott's job in the film with this title. And riding with him is Wayne Morris — a much fatter Wayne than we used to know as the college football star and the girl you'll be seeing in "THE COMMAND" — Jean Wilton.

There are a lot of misadventures in "RIDING SHOTGUN" — Randolph Scott is almost lynched when the good townspeople think he's one of the outlaws — but as always in a conventional Western, right prevails and the bad hats are vanquished.

WORTH SEEING

There wasn't a great deal of surprise in "THE FAKE", but it's well worth seeing for the acting of Dennis O'Keefe. He's a veteran actor who's been in many light films in America over the last 15 years or so, but I've seldom seen him to better advantage than in "THE FAKE".

Colleen Gray is well worth watching too — besides being very lovely and at the same time possessing an attractive profile (they DON'T always go together) she shows the same easiness in her part as does Dennis O'Keefe.

Beside these two American actors, found out own Guy Middleton a little stiff and unconvincing. He still seemed to be the British Army Officer he so often plays, rather than the insurance representative he's supposed to be in "THE FAKE".

Hugh Williams is his usual competent self, but we don't see a great deal of him until the last part of the picture.

The photography is excellent. The opening scenes in London Dock, where the original Da Vinci painting of the Madonna and Child is being unloaded from the American ship are most effective. The ship has docked at night and the contrasting shadows and patches of light thrown by the lamps are wonderfully clear.

A great deal of the film takes place at night and the camera has managed to catch the loneliness of London streets and the isolated busyness of the docks very well. A light blowing up from nowhere, is very true to life.

"THE FAKE" itself is a copy of "Da Vinci's Madonna and Child", the original of which is being lent by a wealthy American to the Tate Gallery for an exhibition. Two other Da Vinci paintings have disappeared at the opening of the picture, one in Florence and one in New York, and Dennis O'Keefe's job is to find out about these thefts and to protect the third canvas which is to be shown at the Tate Gallery.

Several people are allowed to behave suspiciously, but I didn't find I was particularly interested in whether or not they were the picture-thefters. I was much more intent on following and admiring Dennis O'Keefe, Colleen Gray and her rather mischievous father (portrayed by John Laurie) and their very expressive faces and actions.

This is a British picture that I think many people will find very entertaining. It probably won't run for long, so try to see it early if you intend doing so at all.

EDWARD G. G. Robinson on the side of the law for once. It's a gangster film as you can gather from the title and involved in the plot is

a bank robbery and the murder of a policeman. Running an escort bureau is none other than Paulette Goddard. Her occupation brings her in contact with her girls — her in contact with her girls — she gets she sometimes turns over to the police. One of these chaps leads Edward G. to the killer.

"THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO" chronicles some of the events in the life of the little country priest in one of the villages along the river Po in Italy.

His chief protagonist is the Communist Mayor, Peppone, and many and bitter are their words battles. They don't always end there, because Don Camillo, as well as being a very good man, has a somewhat hasty temper. And of course he's convinced that he and the Lord together should chase Peppone for his own good.

Fernandel's mobile face is a joy to watch. Utty, with bulging eyes and a slightly mischievous cast, yet it can express every one of the subtle feelings and emotions peculiar to man.

"DON CAMILLO" was taken from the book of the same name by Giovanni Guareschi.

CHANG OF FACE

If you've seen Janet Leigh in "PRINCE VALIANT" he prepared for a change of pace from her in "WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME". She's teamed with Donald O'Connor in this "Big Lavish Spectacular Year's Miracle Musical". The quotes are from the press book.

In spite of the adverse effect such advertising has on me, I shall definitely not miss "WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME." Donald O'Connor is a first class artist with a great deal of talent, charm and cheek and Janet Leigh too is far more at home in a musical than trying to be a decorous princess.

The magic word "Dixieland", describing the kind of music Donald's band plays, has a lot to do with my enthusiasm too. There seem to be a lot of well-known tunes in the film — good thing. Unless it's a sure fire hit a new tune in a musical doesn't seem to get over. There's the title number, South Rampart Street Parade, Honey-Ruckle Rose, Muskrat Ramble, all good old ones. Yes, it sounds like the cheerful stuff!

ALL THE INGREDIENTS "ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT" has all the ingredients to sit for a long run. Plenty of action, an exotic setting plus three big stars in the lead. It's an adventure story and as such doesn't need to be subtle.

The first ten minutes or so are spent in working out interest in the missing brother — Captain Mark Shore. He's quickly walked off his whaling ship to the Gilbert Islands and hasn't been seen or heard of since. Brother Joel is made Captain in his place after Mark's crew have brought the ship back to New Brunswick.

Taking his new wife with him, Joel sets off for the Gilberts after while and also with the hope of solving the mystery surrounding his brother's disappearance.

One of the best scenes in the whole film is that in which the whole crew of the whaling dinghy stalk, harpoon, and overwhelm a whale. Thrilling is the word to describe the capture. How the camera managed to catch the scene I can't think.

There's also a magnificent fight between the mutineers and the men loyal to their captain — most authentic looking!

Mark turns up immediately the ship reaches the Gilberts — innocently as ever — making worthy brother Joel look dull and ineffectual by contrast. The flashback method used to detail Mark's adventures in the three years he's been away doesn't disrupt the story, as is so often the case.

Here it's used intelligently. It's a fascinating tale and the two villains in Mark's past are really sinister by virtue of their not being overplayed.

Ann Blyth was adequate — a conventional heroine one didn't need to waste much time in watching. A stronger personality might have detracted from the interplay between the brothers.

"ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" features one of my favourites, William Holden, but as "ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT" will probably carry on for most of next week, there'll be time for me to see "ESCAPE" towards the end of next week — and then tell you how he appears in it.

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.
"THE MORTAL WIND"
A Chinese Picture with English Subtitles

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



Starring Li Li-hwa • Yen Chuen
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK!
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject
"VESUVIUS EXPRESS" in Technicolor
ADMISSION AT USUAL PRICES
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.00 Noon

ROXY A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by 20th Century-Fox
BROADWAY NEWEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME Presented by 20th Century-Fox & M-G-M
Reduced Admission — \$1.20 & 70 Cts.
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ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED
FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY
2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Commencing To-Morrow: "ISLAND IN THE SKY"
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"SON OF ALI BABA" Universal Technicolor film



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

"Cabbagetown" Makes Way For Progress

Toronto.

Toronto's Cabbagetown, named in the 1880's when cabbage was a staple for her needy thousands, is little more than a name today, although her offsprings are famous in all walks of life.

Cabbagetown, the heart of old Toronto, is still a scene of rundown tenement houses, stray baseball games and decrepit grocery stores. But the area bounded by Queen, Parliament and Gerrard streets and the Don River has a new look today, and it's the multi-million dollar Regent Park housing development that is responsible.

Secret Of Finding Right Answers

New York.

Some viewers get a little sceptical at times about the facility with which panelists on TV shows guess correctly the problems posted to them, but Mark Goodson and William Todman claim their panelists don't need help.

The Goodson-Todman office, which has given TV more panels than you'll find in a corporation's board room, explained that it just picks people who can think well on their feet and experience does the rest. After a few shows, the panelists develop patterns that generally ferret out the right answer.

Bristolians' Claim

London.

A campaign is underway to give an Englishman credit for naming America. Bristolians insist the New World was named after Richard Amerigo, the Sheriff of Bristol. The heck with Amerigo Vesputi.

As the story goes, Amerigo gave a bonus of £12 to John and Sebastian Cabot, a pair of Bristolians who were first to explore the American mainland. The Cabots honoured him by naming the place their explored "America." Or at least that's what they tell you in Bristol.—United Press.

He Is A Life-Saving Parachutist

Vancouver.

F/Sgt John W. Jameson is always well received when he "drops in."

Jameson or "Red" as he is known to his fellows, is jumpmaster of the RCAF Sea Island search and rescue squadron, para-rescue section.

He and a team of Royal Canadian Air Force men, a para-doctor, and a nurse, have the risky job of flying over rugged country in aid of the lost and injured.

Their trips include jumping to assist a wounded hunter, or a starving group of plane crash survivors. No job is too tough. Red has 79 successful parachute jumps to his credit.

Other members of the para-rescue section are S/Ldr J.R.W. Wynne, Sgt Ted Brindley, Cpl Jack Strachan, para-medical and Lt/Cpl Jack Austad. Another, although not a frequent member of the Para-rescue group is "Nursing Sister Grace Woodman."

Some of the spectacular jumps made by Jameson and members of his section include a 6,000-foot drop to reach an injured surveyor on top of Coquilum Mountain, east of New Westminster.

At another time Jameson and his members went to the aid of an injured RCMP officer near Coppermine and made a plunge to the slopes of Mount Hozomeen in 1948 when a civil airplane with 15 aboard crashed.

Red was born in the little town of Webb, near Swift Current, Saskatchewan.—United Press.

Since July 1, 1954, with the exception of one series, all U.S. postage stamps have been printed by the Federal Bureau of Printing and Engraving. The exception was the 13 stamps commemorating the over-run nations, issued in 1943-44.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



Putting my picture in the school paper for getting all A's practically ruined my social life—all the boys think I'm a "brain!"

Mining Towns Are Getting Ready For Duke's Visit

Edmonton, Alberta.

Canada's northern mining towns are sprucing up their boardwalks in preparation for the Duke of Edinburgh's visit this summer to the country's "last frontier" in a whirlwind coast-to-coast tour.

The Duke will be visiting Canada primarily to take in the British Empire Games at Vancouver, but he'll fly to the Yukon and Northwest Territories to get a first-hand look at bustling northern mining activity.

The first northern point the Duke will visit will be Whitehorse, the territorial capital of the Yukon, added to his itinerary recently after the local branch of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire extended an invitation when the town had been left out of his original schedule.

Nestled in the eastern slope of the majestic St. Elias mountain range, Whitehorse grew rapidly in World War II during a "boom" which outdid anything the Yukon saw in the days of the Klondike gold rush. It became an important crossroads at the turn of the century when the narrow gauge White Pass and Yukon railway was built from Skagway, Alaska, but never really struck it rich until the last war when the Northwest Staging route made it a focal point of rail, road and water transportation and hit a population of 15,000.

GIVEN BOOST

The end of the war brought a shake-down to its wide-open way of life, but the transfer of the territorial capital from Dawson City gave Whitehorse the boost it needed to keep moving ahead.

The Duke will get a first-hand look at Canada's largest uranium mine at Port Radium on Great Bear Lake perched on the rocky edge of the lake shore. Port Radium has a population of about 200, comprising of mine workers at the government-owned Eldorado Mining and Refining Co., mine, government weather station and an RCMP outpost.

At Coppermine, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, the Duke will see the endless Arctic day as his visit will be made at a time when the sun dips only to the horizon and then starts its long climb back across the sky to provide 24 hours of daylight. Coppermine is also a weather station and an RCMP outpost, and is the centre of roving Eskimo bands who have tamed large herds of reindeer.

The Duke will fly South from Coppermine to Yellowknife, to see the "metropolis" of the Northwest Territories, a modern town built on a thumb jutting out into Great Slave Lake, has a population of about 5,000 and is the centre of a prosperous gold mining industry.—United Press.

Is This Promotion?

Bridgeport, Conn. After being promoted to police sergeant, a former plain clothes man, Norman "Beardsworth" learned that "not only does he now have to buy uniforms but also that he now makes 45 cents less a week.—United Press.

Famous Crown Going On Public View

Vienna.

The 992-year-old crown of the Holy Roman Empire, Europe's most historic piece of imperial jewellery, goes on view here the end of May for the first time since Adolf Hitler stole it in 1938.

The gem-studded crown, newly lost forever when it was buried behind cement in World War II, will be displayed under heavy guard at Vienna's old Hofburg palace. Alongside it will be the coronation sword, the coronation lance and silk and satin coronation robes of the Holy Roman Empire.

Scholars say the crown is easily the oldest of its kind in existence in Europe. German imperial craftsmen built it for the coronation of Emperor Otto I in 962 A.D.

The diamonds, amethysts and other stones with which it is encrusted are in rough, unpolished form. They could pass for worthless pebbles—for the men who made the crown did not know the art of diamond cutting. Hitler grabbed the crown when he invaded Austria in 1938 and had it taken to Nuremberg castle in Germany with other Holy Roman treasures. To Hitler the crown was a precious symbol of German might.

When Germany was on the brink of collapse in the last days of World War II, the old crown jewels were packed in wooden crates and cemented into a mountain hiding place at Nuremberg. The might never have been found again had it not been for some exceptional detective work by US military investigators.

Recovered from its hiding place, the crown and other Holy Roman relics were turned over to the Austrians by the Americans in 1947.

KEPT LOCKED UP

Until this year, Austrian authorities feared to put the treasures on public view for fear Russian occupation forces in Vienna might seize them. The Russians at one time claimed them as "German property" legal war loot. So the crown, sword, lance and robes have been kept locked in the vaults of the General Post Office building in the American sector of the city.

But the Russians have not pressed their claim for some time, and the Austrians have decided it is safe to put them on public view at the palace.

The coronation lance is even older than the crown and is said to date back to the coronation of Emperor Charlemagne at Rome in 800 A.D. Embedded in the lance is a nail which according to holy records came from Christ's cross.

The coronation sword is believed to have come from Siberia or Asia, and the coronation robes are made from Chinese, Arabian, Byzantine and Sicilian fabrics.

Experts say the precious metal and gems in the crown probably would not bring more than \$30,000 at present market prices. But its history makes it and the rest of the collection precious beyond any figures, they say.—United Press.

Thought Romance Was Over

Osaka.

A 20-year-old girl attempted suicide here because her boyfriend was five minutes late for a date.

The girl gulped poison when she took the train as a sign their romance had ended. She was in a critical condition.

And in Tokyo, a 23-year-old former nurse drank a vial of cyanide and died in front of her university student lover who refused her offer of marriage.—United Press.

Gets Pilot's Licence At Age Of 62

Lonsome Lake, B.C.

Sixty-two-year-old Ralph Edwards passed his final examination for a pilot's licence last month, and banished a 42-year siege of loneliness.

Edwards, who has been living in this settlement 300 air miles northwest of Vancouver since 1912, has found a link to more populated communities in his float-equipped aeroplane.

Edwards, his wife, and a 25-year-old daughter, Trudy are the only people living at the aptly named lake.

Trudy came to Vancouver, learned to fly, and returned to the lake with the brand-new plane.

Now Edwards himself has learned the intricacies of flight from a Vancouver flying school and life is taking on a different and brighter look.

It's a big change from the many years when the 20 miles to their nearest neighbour and the 75 miles to the nearest town were almost insurmountable.—United Press.

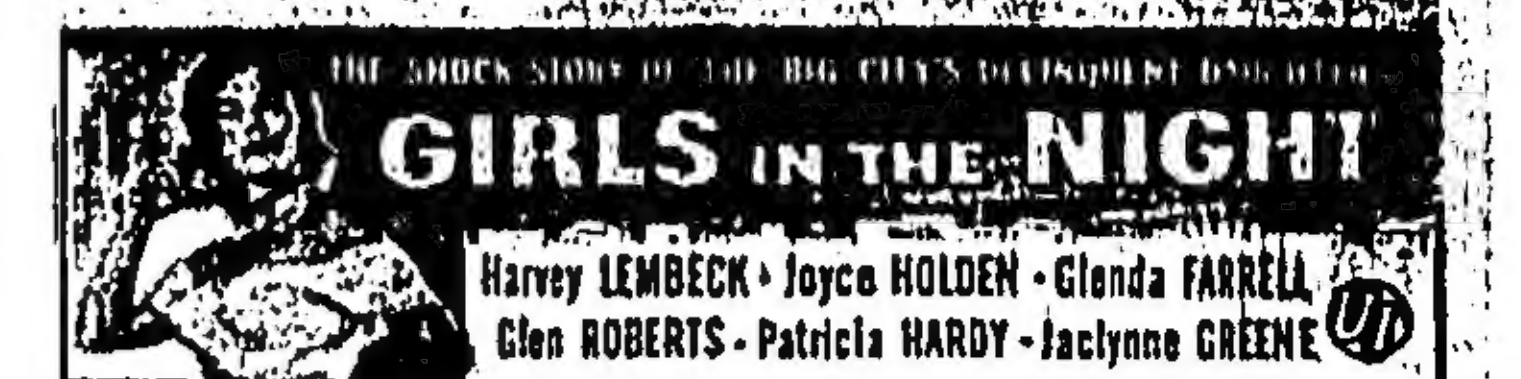
Supersonic planes of the future may owe a debt to the cucumber seed. Science is experimenting with the swelling back shape of the Zanteda seed for possible use in supersonic jets.

The oldest flower of the State of Michigan is the apple blossom.

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY



FRESH NEWS: "ROYAL HOMECOMING"

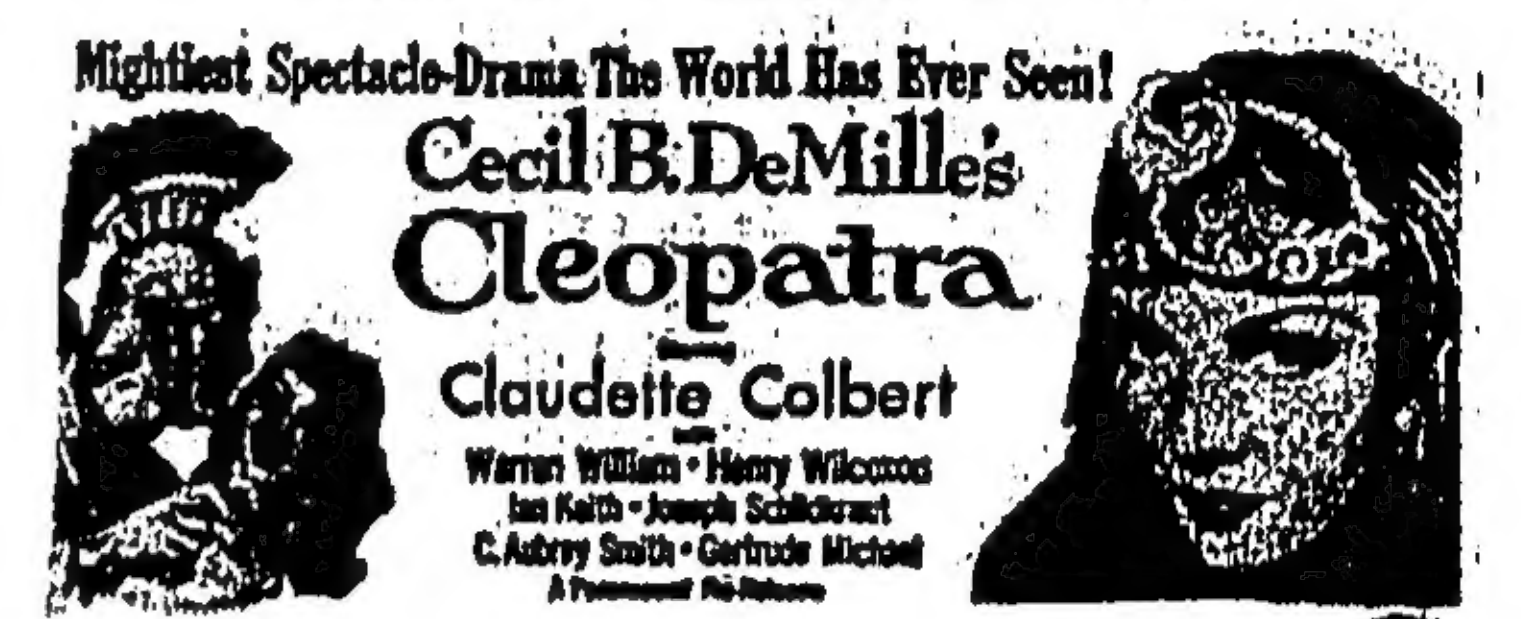
★ TO-MORROW ★



EMPIRE

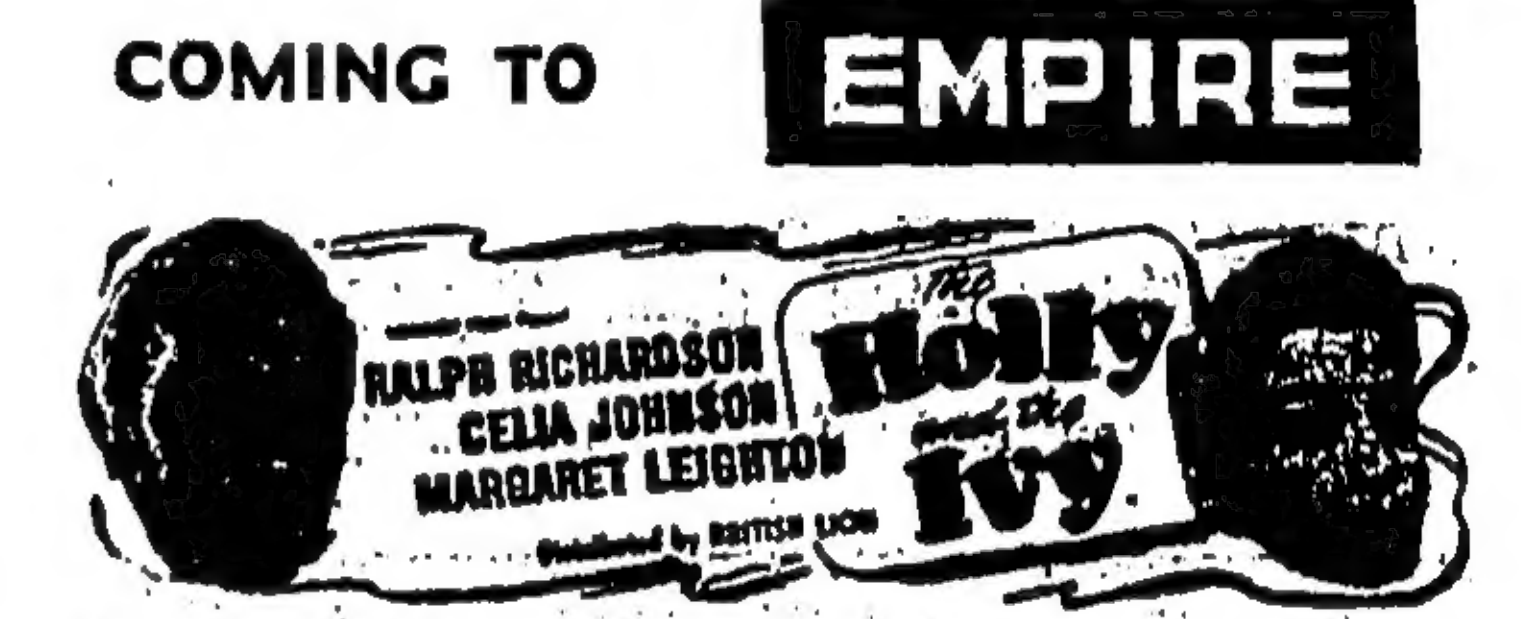
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

OWING TO LENGTH OF PROGRAMME, PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TIME.



Added: LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS: ROYAL HOMECOMING

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON WARNER TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 and 70 cts.



HOOVER CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371

The Show Place of the Orient TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. A WIDE SCREEN PICTURE



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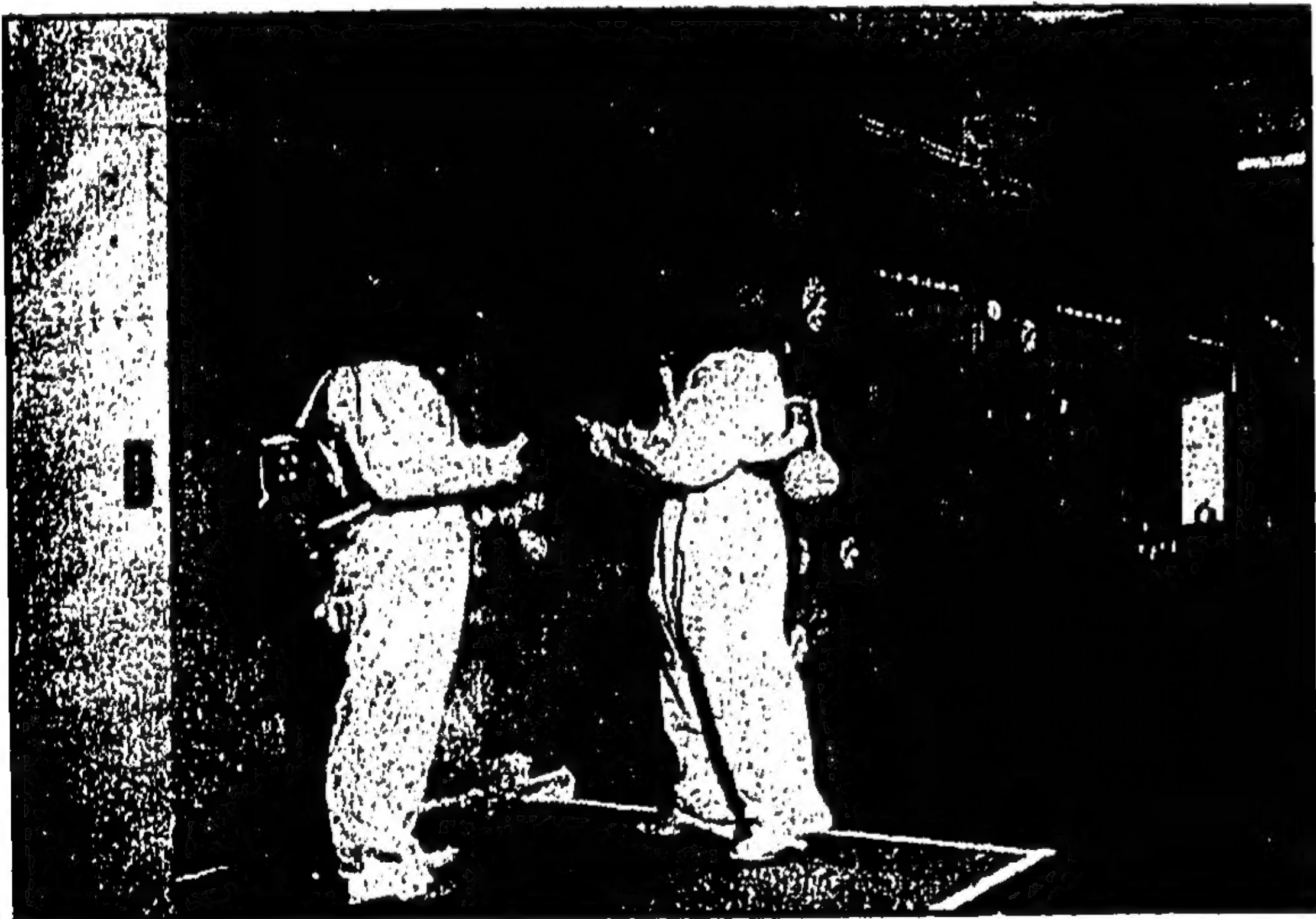




THE Misses June Mander and Cillian Ireland Smith straighten their boaters before taking part in a London dress show put on by Florentine designer Emilio Pucci. London's prettiest debutantes took part in the show, which was held at the Savoy. (Express)



ADMIRAL of the Fleet Lord Fraser (second from left) chatting with (from left) Cecil Harcourt-Smith, H. Skelton and Tom Hight, who are sailing the 61 ft lifeboat Arles on an adventurous double crossing of the Atlantic. The former Padstow lifeboat, Arles has a variety of new equipment on board.



THIS is one of a number of official pictures taken recently during a press visit to Windscale, one of Britain's atomic factories in Cumberland. Men wearing protective clothing are about to enter a radioactive chemical chamber. (Crown Copyright)



THE Royal Signals motor-cycle display team showing off some of the tricks they pull off at the Royal Tournament, that will be held in London in June. Picture shows a new version of the 'Forward Throttle'. (Army News)

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



A sight that sets the seal of Spring. At Elstow, Bedfordshire, the village where John Bunyan was born, the May Queen drives by in a riot of flowers. Nearby, children wait to whirl round the Maypole in lively dances.



CONDUCTOR Bruno Walter arrives in London from New York. With him is his daughter, Mrs Lindt. Dr Walter conducted the first half of the Kathleen Ferrier memorial concert at the Royal Festival Hall during his short visit. (Express)



DAFFODILS make a gay contrast against the red-brick pit building at Primrose Hill Colliery, Swillington, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. Miners Tom Pilkington and Harold Smith are admiring the blooms before going down on the afternoon shift. (Express)



THE seventh open air display of paintings organised by the London County Council at Victoria Embankment Gardens. Elizabeth Kaye, of Croyden, takes it easy with a book beneath her paintings, while Mrs Anne Bulittas, of Belsize Park, looks on smoking a clay pipe. She is also an exhibitor.



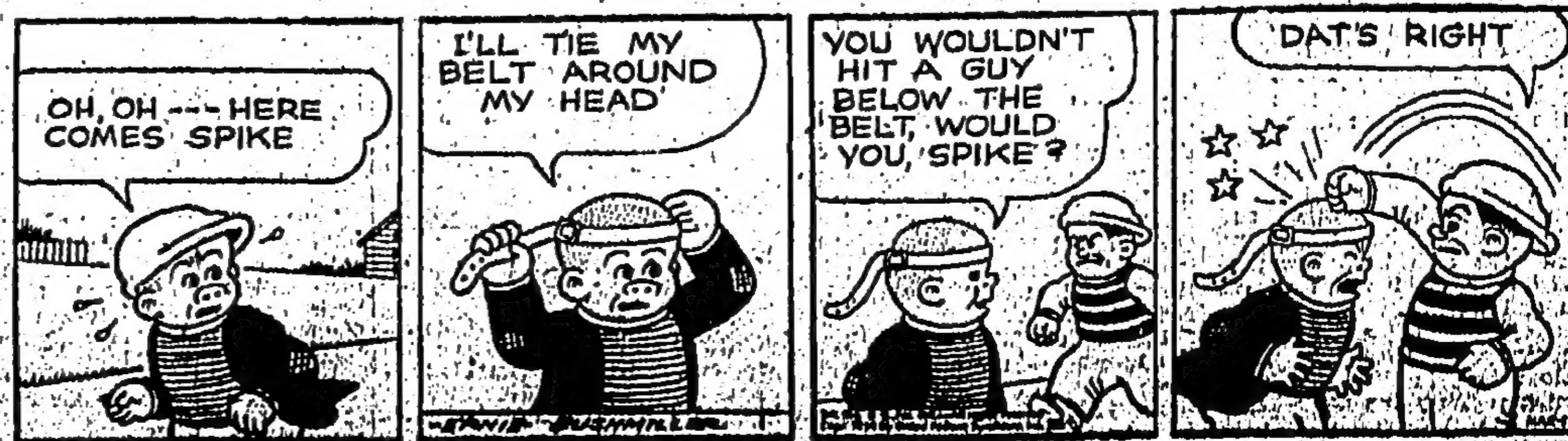
MRS Brian Hill, wife of the Australian Charge D'Affaires in Moscow, carrying her 18-month-old son (left), and Mrs Brigit Wolcott, with her son Peter, go ashore at Tilbury from the Swedish liner Suecia. They travelled with other members of the Australian Embassy staff expelled from Moscow following the Petrov affair. (Express)



THE Governor of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst, deputising for HRH the Duchess of Gloucester, presented new Colours recently to the 1st Battalion, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, at Bally Kinaler Camp, County Down. Lord Wakehurst is seen inspecting the parade.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY
BOX
MILK
CHOCOLATES



"Telling me you'd like to give me a damn good 'air-cut, then tan the 'ide off me 'ardly comes under the 'eading of psychological training—do it, Cop?"

London Express Service



Find this boy or he will die! It's the sixth day of the hunt and now there is little time

I was suddenly frightened
of what was coming next...

Then I heard a scream

Every policeman in Britain is hunting for 18-year-old TONY ROWE, who vanished after seeing his mother murdered. He has an illness which will kill him unless he is given an injection and his father, GEORGE ROWE, may die too, on the gallows, for he has been arrested for the murder. Superintendent STANLEY, of Scotland Yard, learns that TONY was kidnapped and he questions JOE TRENT, a bookmaker, about tie-tac man HARRY THRACE, convicted thief, who knows where Tony is.

RED CAR. "I want your tie-tac man to get a message through to Harry Thrace," I said. "Tell him I want to see him. Tell him I offer him immunity from prosecution... if he'll tell me who's holding Tony Rowe."

"You may be able to save his life, Joe. Do you really think Harry Thrace will come to Redcar today—even though he hasn't got your car?"

"He said he had an important date here," said Joe. "I think he'll come."

I leaned forward. "I've got to get hold of him and talk to him, Joe. I've reason to believe he knows where Tony Rowe is. I also believe he may know something about the murder of Tony's mother."

"The police will be looking for him, and he's probably easy by now. But you can tip him off, Joe. I want to see him. Have you got your own tie-tac man with you? Can you trust him?"

"I'm sharing with Honest Fred and Gusto Lewis," said Joe. "We're using Hymie Finkelhofe. He's a nice kid."

I took a deep breath. "I'm doing this off my own bat, but it's a risk we've got to take."

Joe said: "I'll do anything to help that little geezer. What do you want?"

Now you must know that bookies are like actors. The sort of bookies, I mean, who get up there in front of their stands and shout the odds at the people. They take your money and they risk their own, but what they are mostly interested in is their performance.

Up there on his stand, Joe Trent looked (and, I am sure, felt) like Einstein. You would never have guessed that he was interested this afternoon in anything but the horses about to come on to the course.

Every so often he would bend down to his clerk—I had warned him to be circumspect—and the clerk would signal to Hymie Finkelhofe, the tie-tac man. And then the arms would wave, and all over the course the message would be carried: "Is Harry Thrace anywhere near you?" And all through the afternoon came the answer: "No."

(These messages, I may say, I got through a translation from a racecourse policeman who had been trained as a tie-tac man too.)

ON MONDAY The killer strikes again

It was just after the end of the third race that a man got up on a box in Tattersalls and made a gesture of his hands: "Harry's here. He's coming through to the silver ring."

"All right," I said to my police tie-tac man, "Get the signal down to Hymie Finkelhofe. Tell him to get the message over to Harry Thrace." I turned to the sergeant at the electric buzzer. "You give the signal too. I want the silver ring closed. Don't let anyone out or in. I'm going down there to see Harry Thrace."

And pray God, I added to myself, that he doesn't get away from me. I moved down fast, wondering why my mouth had gone so dry, why I was suddenly so frightened of what was coming next. Then I heard a scream.



And all through the afternoon came the answer: "No."

WHY THE TORIES LOST THE VOTES

By VAUGHAN JONES

London. THE British people live politically by paradox. Last week came good news from all home fronts. The Bank rate was cut to three percent, reflecting international confidence in sterling and the world's respect for Tory handling of Britain's finances.

Unemployment remained at a low level. The stock market continued booming. House building hit a new peak—all under Conservative guidance.

Yet the nation-wide borough council elections ended in a clear victory for Labour. The swing to the Left was marked not

merely in big industrial areas. It covered small boroughs, too.

In 395 boroughs altogether, the Socialists gained 544 seats, lost 34. The Tories gained 60, lost 448. As a result Labour captured ten boroughs from the Tories and equalled Tory opposition in a number of others.

Inevitably, Tory leaders are seeking explanations for their defeat.

They point out that, with good times being enjoyed by every section of the community, polling was exceptionally low. In one district, less than eleven percent of the electorate bothered to vote. In many others, only about a third went to the polls.

Those who did so, say the Tories, included the organised disgruntled who would vote against Conservatism under any condition.

Tenants Also

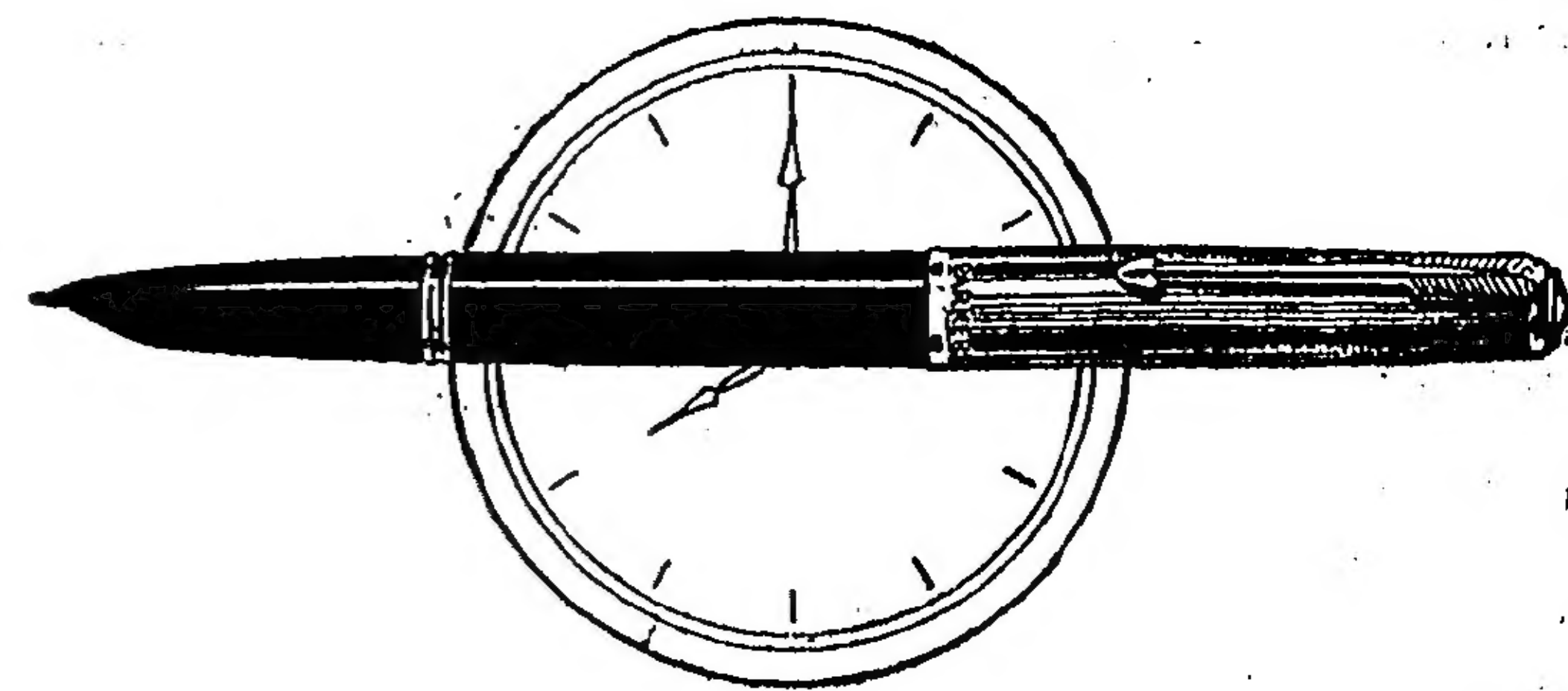
They represented, also, tenants who oppose the easing of the archaic rent restriction acts which for years have been holding rents at artificially low levels, and Labourite theorists who have fought the deration of foods.

If a bigger proportion of the people had troubled to vote, say the Tories, the result would not have shown such Labour successes.

Nevertheless, other critics of the Government blame the Tories for not abolishing the old wartime restrictions quickly enough.

Most remains rationed till July; newspaper supplies remain controlled indefinitely. Furthermore, say the critics, the Government has failed to economise within their own departments. In existence are three redundant Ministries—Minerals, Food, Fuel—still manned by batteries of officials, clerks and typists. Other Ministries have a surplus of staff which should be ruthlessly pruned and redeployed.

All these factors played a part in the Tory defeat.



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Well, how CHILDISH are YOU?

IT'S THE YES-NO WAY TO TEST YOUR EMOTIONS

- TEN sample questions from an "emotional age" test. Answer "Yes" or "No."
- 1. Do you build castles in the air?
- 2. Do you tend to get bored easily?
- 3. Does the sight of blood upset you?
- 4. Do you kick, stamp, or throw things about when you are angry?
- 5. Are you very attached to your mother?
- 6. Does it annoy you to be teased in an argument?
- 7. Do you blub easily?
- 8. Have you ever regretted growing up?
- 9. Do you like taking responsibility?
- 10. Can you be happy on your own?

Answers to the questions are given in the last two pages of the test. See page 10.

WOMEN are a lot less mature emotionally than men of the same age. They are more child-like in temperament, subject to more childish fears, and less willing to shoulder responsibility.

These are the findings of a leading psychiatrist after the first-ever attempt to assess the exact emotional ages of representative men and women.

Dr John Lovett Doust gave a 99-question quiz to 260 healthy people at the Maudsley Hospital in South-East London.

From the results Dr Doust was able to calculate an emotional age for each patient, in the way that mental age can be assessed from intelligence tests. Women were consistently more immature on this evidence.

Many highly intelligent people proved to be emotionally backward, according to the test. Eminent doctors who took

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

scribe "several humps sticking out of the water."

Eels can make sinuous side-to-side body movements like snakes, but no giant eel could have a spine supple enough to make vertical humps.

Now evidence to explain these humps is put forward by Dr Maurice Burton of London's Natural History Museum. While watching large congers in an aquarium he discovered that they sometimes rise to the surface and swim on their sides.

"A soft conger suddenly rose to the surface, turned on its side undulating its body violently, creating a flurry of water and a series of humps above the water line," he writes in the journal *Discovery*.

What evidence is there for the existence of eels soft long—the estimated length of some eels—during a Danish deep-sea expedition. Dr Asger Sørensen, headed by a baby's soft, long.

★ **EARLY ARRIVAL**
★ **GOOD FRIENDS**
★ **GOOD FRIENDS**

part put up a poorer performance, on average, than National Service men, though they did much better in intelligence tests.

This would explain why so many talented people make a hash of their private lives.

MONSTERS? YES?

★ **NEW EVIDENCE** for the existence of the Loch Ness monster and sea serpents in general comes from a highly reputable scientist today.

The simple theory that they are giant eels has long been discarded by serious investigators, because most people who claim to have seen them

Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

Wearing a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom.

Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time.

It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time! (The original letter of Professor Cusioli can be inspected at the Rolex office, 15 rue du Marché, Geneva.)

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ROLEX Chronometer—Official Timepiece of Panavia Airlines

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HK-92 C

A CENTURY OF PART-TIME SOLDIERING IN HONGKONG

By TOM EYTON

THE Royal Hong Kong Defence Force has been practising hard for its Centenary Parade, and everything points to the prospect of a very smart turn-out a week tomorrow when it is to be held. But jungle green, however you look at it, is still the carry-over of drab war-time necessity, and, though doubtless spick and span, the body of men on parade will not look nearly so gay and debonair as did the Volunteers of years ago.

Those were the days of colourful uniforms, of gold braid and fancy trimmings! And as for the hats...

In the year 1863 the China Mail, whose pages of closely-set, pigmy-sized type are now yellow with age, announced with gusto that the Volunteers' uniform had been completed with a stylish belt and a busby hat. What a dashing figure the Volunteer of a century ago must have cut!

But fashions change—or, should I say, Army regulations—and the style of the Volunteers' hat was to alter with about the same frequency as Lady's bonnets of today.

Among the many styles worn was the pillbox hat, which made its wearer look very much like a twentieth century page-boy, and the familiar, old white helmet, such as Stanley might have been wearing when he went looking for Livingstone in Darkest Africa.

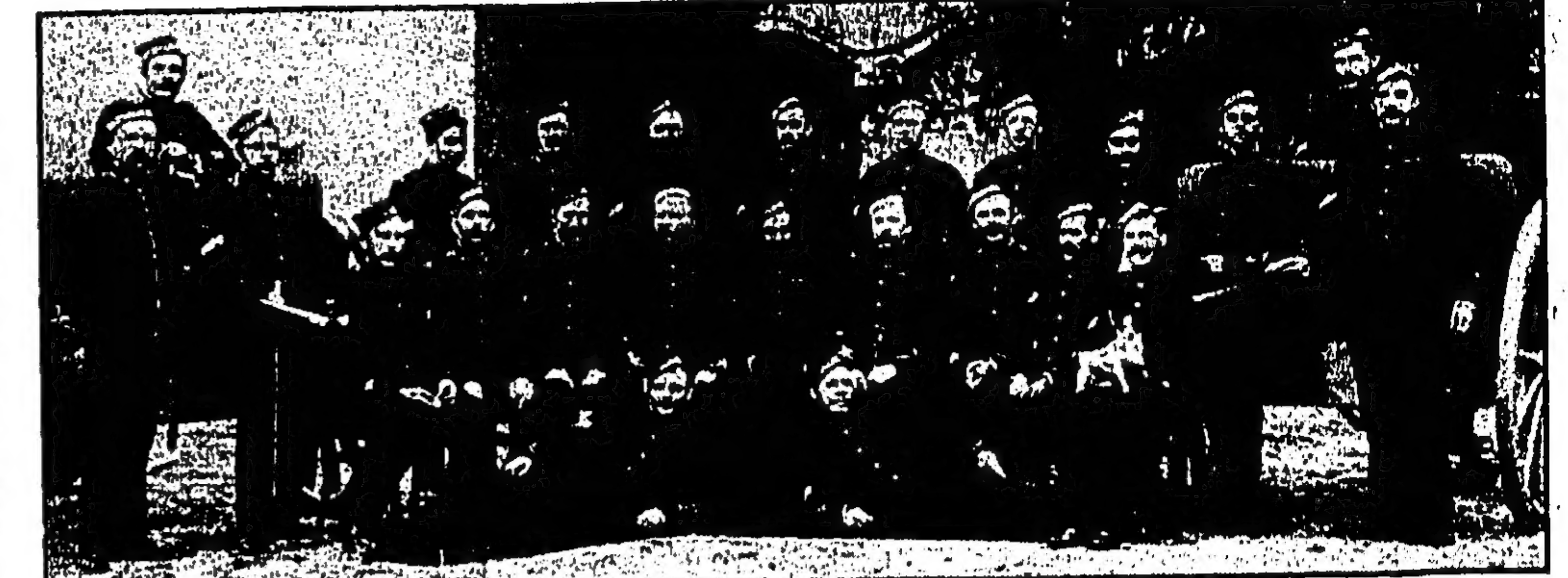
enthusiasm was sometimes quite another thing. Way back in 1863, for example, an officer of the 89th Regiment, eager to turn the gentlemen volunteers into efficient soldiers, kindly offered his services for musketry training. He made his way to the place of training at six in the morning—to find only two men on parade.

More than one occasion is on record when there was only one man reporting for a drill parade. Now, every sergeant-major wants his squad to move and think as one man, but that was taking it a little too literally.

The Force has come a long way since those far-off days. Its fine performance in the defence of the Colony in 1941 testified to the Volunteers' worth.

The ten years which preceded the formation of the first Volunteer contingent in Hongkong had been years of unrest and alarm. Even if mankind was not being threatened with destruction from atomic and hydrogen bombs, the people of a century ago nonetheless could get pretty excited over the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

Hongkong was not without its troubles, for a crime wave was spreading and threatened to get out of hand. A resident with much foresight and some literary talent wrote to the newspapers in 1860 suggesting that Hongkong should follow the Homestead example and raise a Volunteer Corps. It took two years before everybody could appreciate the



The Gunners of the Hongkong Volunteers. The date of the photograph is uncertain, but it is thought to have been taken in the 1890's.

tions involved Malay seamen, the Police and men of the 89th Regiment, and there were something like pitched battles being fought out. They resulted in six murders. It seemed that no attempt at a settlement between the contending parties was possible.

The Government decided then to call out the Volunteers. They managed to restore some kind of order, and they kept the peace until tempers cooled.

At today's inflated costs, the Defence Force takes something like \$2,000,000 to equip and maintain yearly. It is interesting to note, for comparison, that when the first Volunteer unit was formed, it was given the princely grant of £105 per year by the Government. This was paid on the proviso that

Gunners hauled on drag ropes, and by the sweat of their brows got their precious gun up to the Peak. Did they wish they were Riflemen then!

Getting the gun down the steep slopes was again another difficulty. Once again it was manpower that did it. The men lowered the gun gently foot by foot, tugging for dear life at the strong ropes, all the while praying that no one would slip to send the weapon crashing down the hillside.

The Gunners, nevertheless, came off best on occasions. One incident occurred when the men were fallen out on the Peak at 3 a.m. to prepare for a dawn barrage. Three men had moved away from the rest of the unit and were huddled close together for warmth when they suddenly espied a small parcel neatly

mounted had their own maoos and servants to keep things in shape.

The most outstanding part of the Volunteers' whole history was the noble role they played in the defence of Hongkong against the Japanese invaders in 1941. The actions in which the Volunteers were concerned are now recorded in a printed volume, which makes inspiring reading. Together with other British and Canadian troops, they fought courageously and tenaciously against overwhelming odds. The Volunteers lost 232 men, and many more were wounded.

★

After the war, it was decided to reorganise the Corps. Colonel L. T. Ride, CBE, ED, who had during the war escaped from Shumshuipo internment camp to organise the British Army Aid Group in Free China, was entrusted by the Government to undertake this difficult job as Commandant. The idea was to amalgamate the different sections of the former Volunteer Corps into one compact organisation.

Thus the Infantry units, rechristened the Hongkong Regiment, the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force and the women's services were all combined into the Hongkong Defence Force. The old Ordinance ended on February 28, 1949, and the new Defence Force Ordinance came into being the next day.

The going out of effect of the old Ordinance meant that all Volunteers were freed of their commitments, and they need not have joined the new composite organisation. Yet many old slagers came back to put the Force on its feet. Their reward came in 1951 when His Majesty the late King George VI conferred the title "Royal" on the Force in recognition of the Volunteers' splendid war record.

★

At present the Force has a total strength of about 1,700, all fully trained for any emergency that may arise. Some of this number were conscripted as a result of the coming into force of the Compulsory Service Ordinance in 1951. But there is no difference whether a man is a conscript or a Volunteer—he is treated alike and undertakes the same thorough training.

This training goes on throughout the year. A man is expected to put in a minimum of 60 training periods of an hour each in a year, besides a minimum of six field days as well as two weeks' annual camp. He is only declared efficient if he fulfils these training obligations. The keenness of the men is such that many put in much more time than the minimum required.

Bounties were paid to many men last year for the extra time they put in.

Lesson In The Way To Woo

By Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus

RECOMMENDED to all men... a chance to brush up on a subject in which they are pretty rusty—the way to woo a girl. On show again is a technique that has never been beaten—the technique of Valentino in the film "Son of the Sheik."

Any man who thinks that Rudolph Valentino is now an out-dated joke has got another think coming. He is the essence of everything that the Englishwoman secretly longs for—and roughly the reverse of what she is likely to get.

FLASHING TEETH

He is the Latin lover who is not a cad. He is as primitive as the desert, but he has the manners of an Old Etonian—"English born, but Sahara bred," as the film caption says.

He has a chest to batter on while he sneers; white teeth to flash mockingly while cold steel is pressed to his throat; the perfect kind of eyebrows to raise challengingly; brown eyes that melt and harden to let her know exactly what he feels about her.

Instead of offering her a long engagement and a tiny ring he is the man who sweeps her off her feet and whispers fiercely: "What I want I take."

He doesn't hang around for six months while the girl wonders if he will ever propose. He gives her one of those looks across a crowded market, two minutes later says "I love you," and slips on to her finger a spare sparkler which he happens to have handy.

Instead of fussing about in-laws and who your father is, when she protests: "I do not even know your name," he says "I am he that loves you—is not that enough?"

WHAT A MAN!

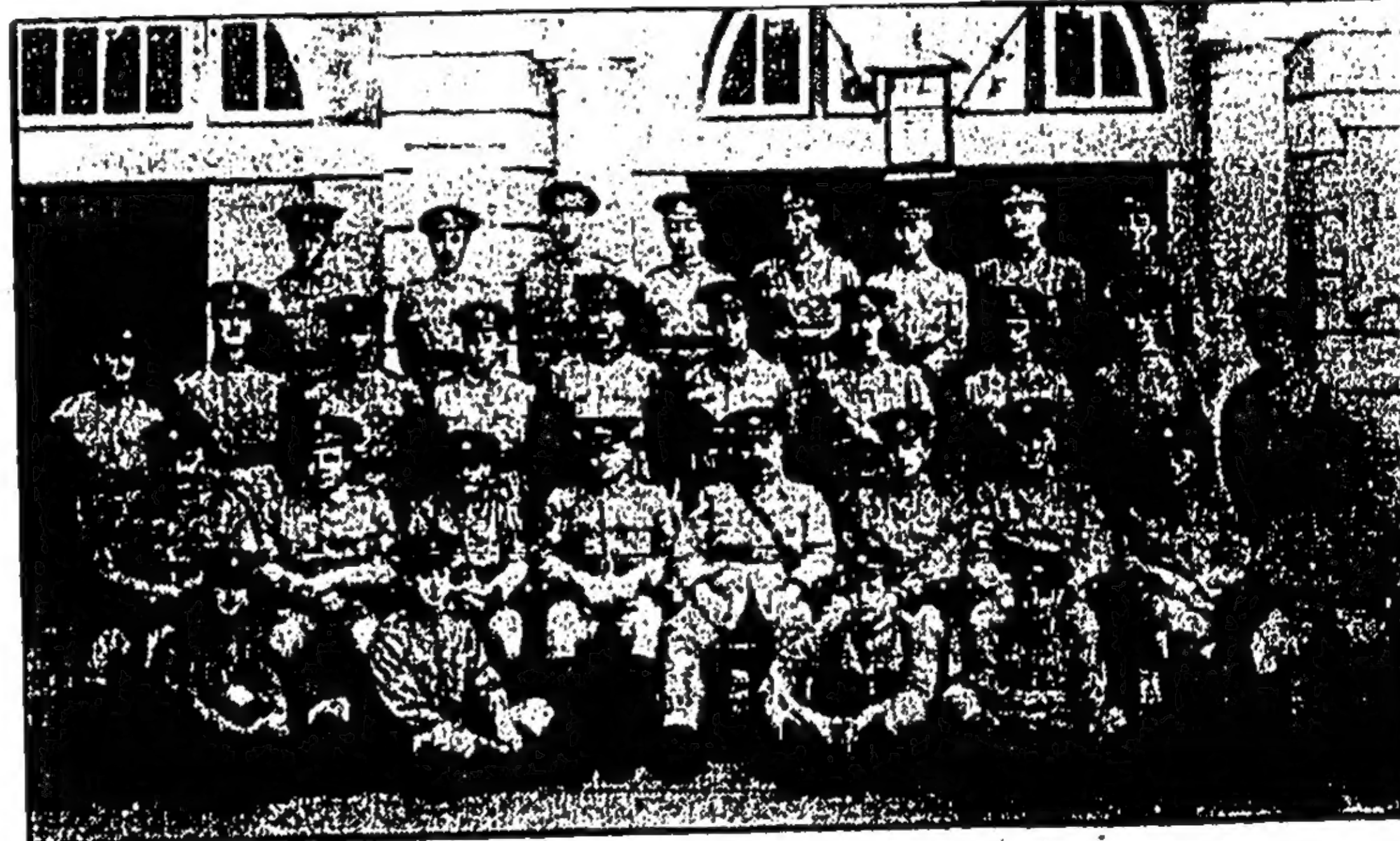
Instead of making a fuss about walking a step to pick up a ring, he rides 20 leagues every day and night to meet her in the old ruins by moonlight.

What a man he is! He has no truck with a woman who lets him down—and, what is more, he pays her out as well. No scold, he. When she tries to melt his heart by throwing him a white rose, he crushes it with a sneer, while his dark eyes glitter with contempt.

But when he finds out she was in the clear all along, he will take on 20 men with cut-throats to win her back; he will say he is sorry, and kiss her finger-tips.

And at the end of it all, you feel the chances are that after 50 years of romantic love he will still be riding home to her through a sandstorm that fattens the palms.

They haven't found a film, lower technique, to teach it. All the girls get now is a ride, cover from Alan Ladd; a sympathetic wry smile from Gregory Peck; and a slap on the chin from Kirk Douglas—that's about all.



A group of Volunteers during the First World War. The pictures on this page are part of the collection which will be on view to the public at St John's Cathedral Hall beginning June 1.

soundness of the idea, but once they did things moved very swiftly. In a matter of a few short weeks, after a public meeting had been held in the Supreme Court, the Government had passed the necessary Ordinance, and a unit, equipped with three-pounder guns and howitzers, was in training.

These were the first Hongkong Volunteers. Apparently they were also a rather garrulous lot, for at one Volunteer dinner in the year 1863 no fewer than 28 speeches were given. This is duly recorded in the China Mail of those days.

A series of riots created a reign of terror throughout the Colony in 1864. These eruptions

were at least 75 efficient men on strength. The numbers dwindled, and in 1868 when the 75 could not be found, the Volunteers were disbanded. And they were not revived till 1878 when there was considered to be a Russian threat to world peace, and the Colony felt its exposure to the warships of the Czar. No less than 142 Volunteers answered the call, and the numbers continued to grow.

Things have certainly changed since the days when the Volunteers turned up for parades comfortably borne in sedan chairs. But things were not at all times a bed of roses, and those old citizen soldiers sometimes had quite a lot to put up with.

For instance, when there was a lull at one camp, the higher-ups suddenly ordained that gun practice would be held on the Peak.

The question was—how to transport a seven-pounder up to the Peak on a hot day? Manpower was the answer. The

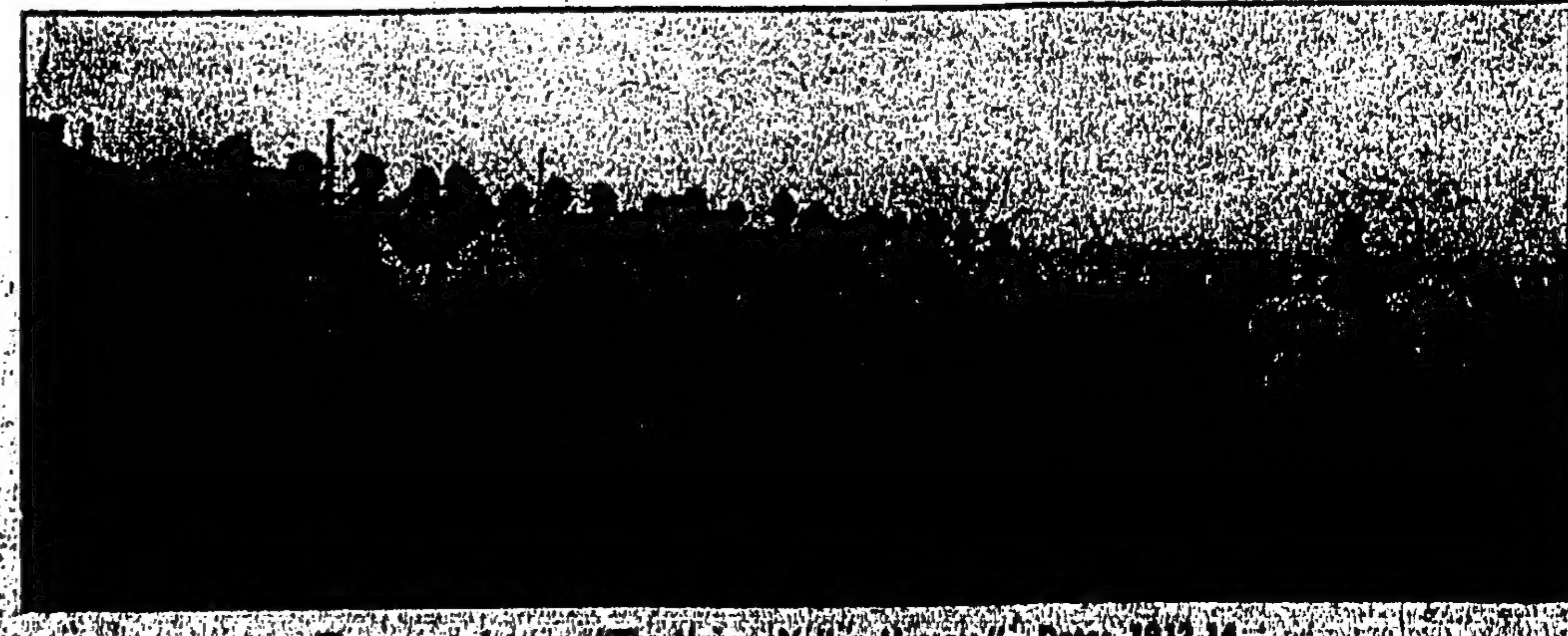
wrapped and carefully hidden near one of the guns. It was the property of the sergeant-major. Needless to say, this important man lost his bottle of beer and sandwiches!

The First World War in 1914 brought many changes to the Volunteers' ranks. Men went home to join British battalions, but older residents came forward to fill the gap.

Men of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps, as it was then known, fought in many theatres of war. The names of those killed are now inscribed in the Corps Roll of Honour.

The annual camps which have been held since 1920 have provided good training. Besides, the concerts at these camps have given the men, used to the comforts of home, some kind of entertainment.

It does not seem to be generally known nowadays that the Volunteers once had a mounted unit. This particular branch of the service was commonly known as the "Happy Valley Hussars," and legend has it that the men of the



The mounted troop, "The Happy Valley Hussars." Date: 1912-14.

THE FASCISTS' PLOT AGAINST MY COUNTRY

ON October 9, 1934, a cloudy sky cleared as RYNS Dubrovnik sailed into Marseilles Harbour with its escort of French cruisers Colbert and Duquesne.

Before the landing Monsieur Pietri, the Minister of the French Admiralty, went on board and was the first to welcome my father on his visit to France.

As my father stepped on shore at the Quai des Belges, he was greeted by Monsieur Louis Barthou, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and by various other French dignitaries, while military bands played the Marseillaise and the Yugoslav National Anthem.

The old soldiers of the French Army of the East were there, eager to greet my father, who in the past had often welcomed them in Belgrade.

It was this same recognition of the firm tie between France and Yugoslavia's fighting past that had brought the King first to Marseilles rather than to the capital.

of which was mortal; death had been almost instantaneous. The tragic news was released to the world.

Monsieur Barthou had lost a great deal of blood from his wound, at first believed slight, and died within an hour of my father.

General Georges recovered from his wounds which at first had been believed more serious than those of the Foreign Secretary.

On that fateful afternoon my mother was already on her journey to join my father in France.

The Prefect of Doubs broke the news to her. Speaking of her great grief, my mother said to him, "I have one small compensation, the King died in France, the country he loved best of all after his own."

On October 10 my mother was taken to where he lay in a candle-lit room, his hands folded on his sword, his body covered by the waist by his country's flag, and masses of flowers at his feet.

My father lay in state for some hours with Monsieur Barthou until he was carried back on board the Dubrovnik to set out on his return journey for Split, Yugoslavia.

My father's murder was a great tragedy both for his own country and for the world. Had he lived the course of the Second World War would not have been the same.

Yugoslavia would never have allowed Italy to enter Albania unopposed on Good Friday, 1939; Greece would not have been left alone to defend herself against the Italians in 1940; nor would the Yugoslav Army in 1941 have been in a pitiable state, so easily overcome by the German aggression.

He summed up Yugoslavia's precarious position as follows: "Yugoslavia's immediate danger is Italy; after her will come Germany; but the last, and greatest of all, will be Russia."

He was essentially a man of peace. The unity, the welfare, and the internal content of Yugoslavia as a whole was his dearest concern. No greater or truer patriot ever lived, and no man knew better than he the weaknesses and potential strength of the peoples who made up his realm.

Discussing his aims shortly before his death, he said: "What I require is 40 years of peace in which to build up a tradition of honest administration."

It is our country's tragedy that he was allowed so little time to realise his vision—which is my vision also.

Following the murder there was much talk among the French authorities concerned about the inadequate military and police protection at the procession.

However, no Frenchman was responsible for what was, in fact, the result of a series of misunderstandings and unfortunate coincidences.

The ones who killed and brought about my father's death had their origins in parts of the world separated from France both by distance and by sentiment.

For them the murder was meant as a decisive step towards the complete destruction of Yugoslavia, involving the autonomy of the Croat State and the fulfilment of Italian design on Yugoslav territory.

The organisation working with these aims was made up mostly of Croats, known as "Ustasi" working under a Croat, Ante Pavelic, with Italian protection, instructions, and financial support.

His headquarters were in Bologna with an office for foreign contacts in Milan. Working closely with him were two secretaries specialising, one in the terrorist activities of the movement, and the other in propaganda matters.

The main terrorist camps were in Italy, Hungary, and Austria. From a head office in Berlin further links were established between Ustasi and Yugoslav colonies in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France under the pretence of helping welfare organisations there.

Even in the Americas, apparently humanitarian societies were recruiting Ustasi and sending them to camps in Italy and Hungary. Offices in Buenos Aires served as headquarters.

In the terrorist camps in Italy, Austria and Hungary

general instruction was given in terrorist methods, the handling of explosives, etc. One of the earliest camps in Bionzo, later split and moved to San Dimitrio and to Fontekle near Arezzo, housed about 340 Ustasi.

The men in these camps wore special uniforms designed personally by Pavelic, and they were fully equipped with modern arms.

Instructors were ex-officers of the Austro-Hungarian Army experienced in the use of arms and the handling of men. At Arezzo were two men working on explosive boxes which were sent on to Yugoslavia and used for blowing up trains, etc.

Percech, one of Pavelic's main agents, set up the Janka Pusta terrorist camp on a Hungarian farm.

It was here that a large photograph of my father was used for target practice.

In Trieste, Anton Godina, a nationalist wanted by the police, organised sabotage inside Yugoslavia, and handled the fake documents and money required by the Ustasi.

The first attempt to assassinate my father was planned for December 1933, when he was paying an official visit to Croatia's capital Zagreb. A Ustasi agent, Petar Oreb, was sent from Italy and met by two other collaborators in Zagreb. Their plan was to throw a bomb at my father's car as it crossed the city square, but Oreb, walking through the thick crowds, could not reach the car in time.

Anton Godina and Stana, his wife and devoted collaborator, who later figured importantly in my father's assassination, were confirmed gangsters and at one time lived in an underworld element in Chicago.

Stana herself, known as "the blonde lady," was an American Croat.

The head of the Janka Pusta camp, Percech, was heavily criticised by rival within the movement for the way he lavished money from Italian sources on his mistress, Jelka, rather than on approved activities. He was later tried by the movement and executed for treason some little after the assassination.

His mistress fled to Yugoslavia for protection and published a book there, exposing all she knew about this pernicious movement.

Men who proved suspect or unsatisfactory were condemned by Pavelic. One of the terrorists in Italy, Babic, after torturing and killing such men in his garage, carried their bodies off to the mountains and buried them there. No action was taken against these crimes by the Italians, who officially considered the victims as our spies.

My father's death was seen by both Mussolini and Pavelic as the first step towards the destruction of Yugoslavia.

After the first, ill-organised attempt to assassinate my father had failed, Pavelic chose a firm and experienced terrorist, Ivan Mihajlov, who was the head of the Revolutionary Organisation, to fabricate a completely waterproof plan.

In September, 1934, my father's intended visit to France in October was widely broadcast by the Press. Pavelic had meetings in Rome with Mahajlov. Dr Ercoli Conti, General Inspector of Italian Public Security, attended some of the meetings and was completely informed of the plans drawn up for the crime.

In the first days of October the plan was put into motion. The Bulgarians, Mijo Kralj and Veljko Kerin, who was Mihajlov's bodyguard, were the men to whom the task of the actual murder was allotted.

They were joined in Lausanne by agents coming from Bologna, among them Eugen Kvaternik, Pavelic's leading agent, and Anton and Stana Godina, who smuggled various weapons out of Italy.

On October 4 they went on to Paris together and split into two groups, the reserve group going to Versailles to avoid the Paris police, and the other to Aix-en-Provence, where they spent a night or two on their way to Marseilles.

The criminals who stayed on in Versailles had planned to meet at midnight on October 9 in front of the Opera House in the event of the failure of the Marseilles plot.

In case both groups failed, an agent, Artukovic was sent to London to await the King who had intended to visit me on leaving France.

The Bulgarians Kerin and Kralj, and Anton and Stana Godina, were among the party bound for Marseilles. It was Godina who selected the exact spot on the procession route

where the King's car would be closest to the pavement.

On the morning of the 9th, Kerin and Kralj went to Godina's hotel and Stana handed them each two bombs and two guns, a Mauser and a Walther.

Kvaternik and the Godinas then left for Turin.

Kerin and Kralj went to their hotel, had a light lunch, and drank down a litre of cognac to give them courage. They passed unnoticed through the huge crowd in Marseilles and took their places as instructed.

With Kerin on the edge of the pavement and Kralj a little behind him in the crush they stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. It is probable that Kralj had instructions to kill Kerin if he could not escape.

After Kerin had carried out the crime Kralj slipped away, returning to the hotel in Aix where he left his bombs and a gun, which were found later.

He fled, taking his Walther pistol with him, as far as Fontainebleau. There he was approached by the police and asked to show his papers. He handed them his forged Czech passport, but losing his nerve, ran off into the woods leaving the policemen astounded.

After two days hunger forced him from the woods and he was arrested in Melun. He was condemned to 20 years' forced labour.

In the course of the investigations that followed, the part that Fascist Italy had played in my father's assassination had to be very delicately handled in order...

Thus Hungary's responsibility for the crime figured more than Italy's in subsequent publicity in spite of the fact that the whole Ustasi organisation was worked with Italian money and instructions and was largely motivated by the Italian ambition to destroy the State of Yugoslavia.

World opinion was much affected by my father's death. The Italians, seeing this and realising that the Ustasi had less influence than they thought, withdrew their support as much as possible.

They dismissed the Ustasi, took away the uniforms and confined them to Lipari. Curious about the Serb-Croat agreement, tain of the leading Ustasi, like began once more to encourage

Pavelic to provoke unrest among the Croats and difficulties between Zagreb and Belgrade.

Pavelic, who had been keeping up as good a front as he could, working ceaselessly to create disorder between Italy and Yugoslavia, went back to Luca, near Pisa, and began his conspiracy again with his former helpers.

When Germany attempted to draw Yugoslavia into the Three Power Pact, Pavelic was much angered, and in January 1941 he had many meetings with Conti to discuss our relations with Berlin and Rome. On our side we dismissed the chief of the Zagreb police and did our best through Von Bismarck, German Minister in Rome, to have Berlin persuade Italy to drop their connection with the group so completely compromised by the Marseilles assassination.

As late as March, 1941, Pavelic received full "top-secret" reports containing all details of our military and air forces. When the revolution in Belgrade of March 27 was known

He gave Pavelic full power to take action, and 231 Ustasi from the camps in Lipari and Sardinia were taken on to Pisa where they were fitted up with uniforms and advanced to the border at Rijeka, where they were.

Berlin also gave Pavelic full authority to act on March 20. Propaganda was intensified and many Ustasi were given Yugoslav army uniforms and were parachuted into Yugoslavia to upset military manoeuvres.

By military radio, Pavelic appealed to the Croats to rebel. Italy was preparing for war, doing her best to speed up the planned German attack on Yugoslavia while still protesting friendship for us in order to gain a little time.

In the end the inevitable consequence of the Italian-Ustasi conspiracy against us was realised and war broke out.

NEXT SATURDAY:
Return to Yugoslavia... Royal funeral... Football and dancing

Do you own one of these valuable cars?

Take this precaution now to keep it 'lively' and protect it against premature old age

Ask yourself this. How much is your car worth today—how much will it be worth in 3 or 4 years' time? Will it depreciate quickly—or can you prolong its 'life' and value?

How your car loses value

Your car is only as good as its engine. Good looks are worthless unless accompanied by good engine performance. Engine wear is the enemy. When your car loses 'pep' when she flags on hills—becomes 'lumpy'—unresponsive—these are the warning signs. She's getting old before her time. Losing value. Money. Unfortunately engine wear is like tooth decay—you don't know it's happening until it's happened. So what can you do? You can take one simple precaution

—but first, let's look at the cause of wear.

What causes engine wear?

To some extent—friction. That is, metal rubbing on metal. Now, all good oils give protection against friction—but engines still wear out. Shell experts wanted to know why—they looked for other causes. After years of patient research, they found that most wear in engines is caused by acid action—or corrosive wear. This occurs when moisture in your engine combines with combustion gases to form acids. These acids eat—yes, eat—into the metal surfaces when the engine is running cold on short journeys, when your car is at rest between runs, or overnight in your garage. As an engine cools, ordinary oils

'drain off' leaving surfaces exposed to this biting acid action.

A remarkable new oil

Shell X-100 Motor Oil, produced as the result of this intensive research into the causes of engine wear, does three things. (1) It combats acid action—or corrosive wear—by providing a constant protective film for all parts of your engine which does not 'drain off' like ordinary oils. (2) It reduces oxidation and lacquer formation—thus minimising ring-sticking, loss of power and oil consumption. (3) It has a cleansing effect on your engine—and keeps it clean. (It keeps combustion soot in suspension to be drained away with each oil change.)

Ease of mind—for you

Never before have you been able to give your engine such complete protection. Take this precaution now—change to Shell X-100 Motor Oil—it is more than an oil—it is an insurance against engine wear and the premature ageing of your car.



Shell X-100 reduces oxidation, discourages the formation of dangerous deposits and combats CORROSIVE ACID WEAR.



Shell research technicians worked for years to produce Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

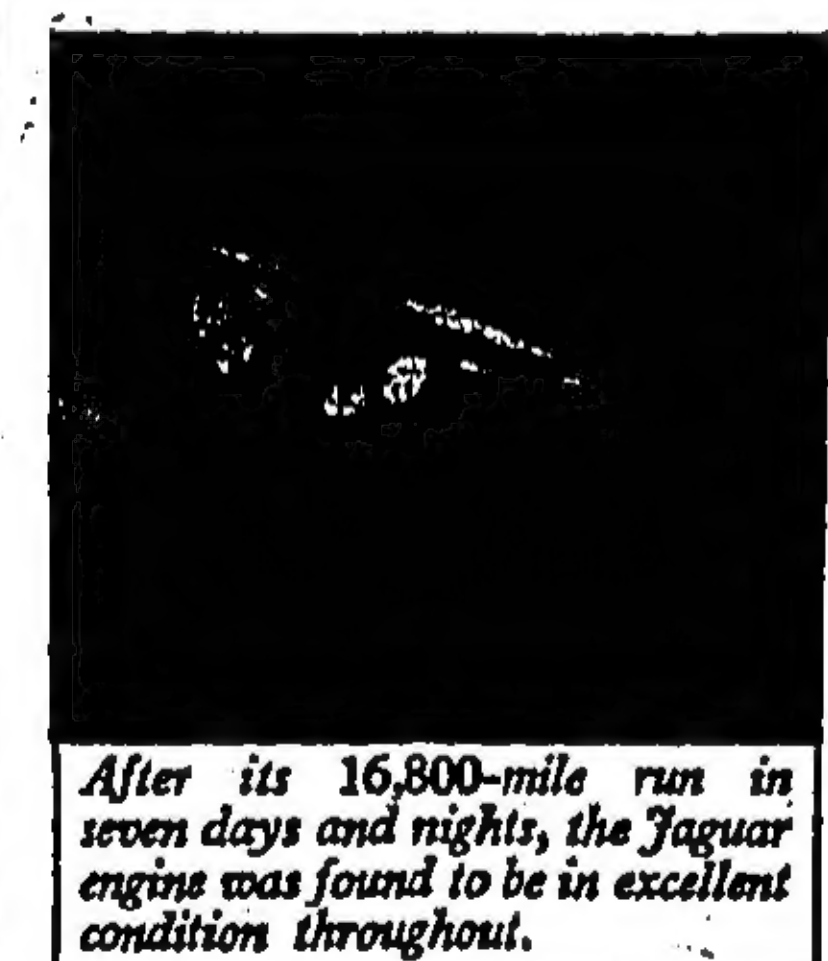
What would you do in a case like this?

Suppose you were a car manufacturer. Suppose you made the Humber or the Hillman. You know you have a fine car. You want to prove it to the world. You send it on a gruelling trip, across continents, mountains, ice, snow, deserts. You must put up a sensational performance. You must not fail. Which oil would you choose for your car?

They Chose Shell X-100

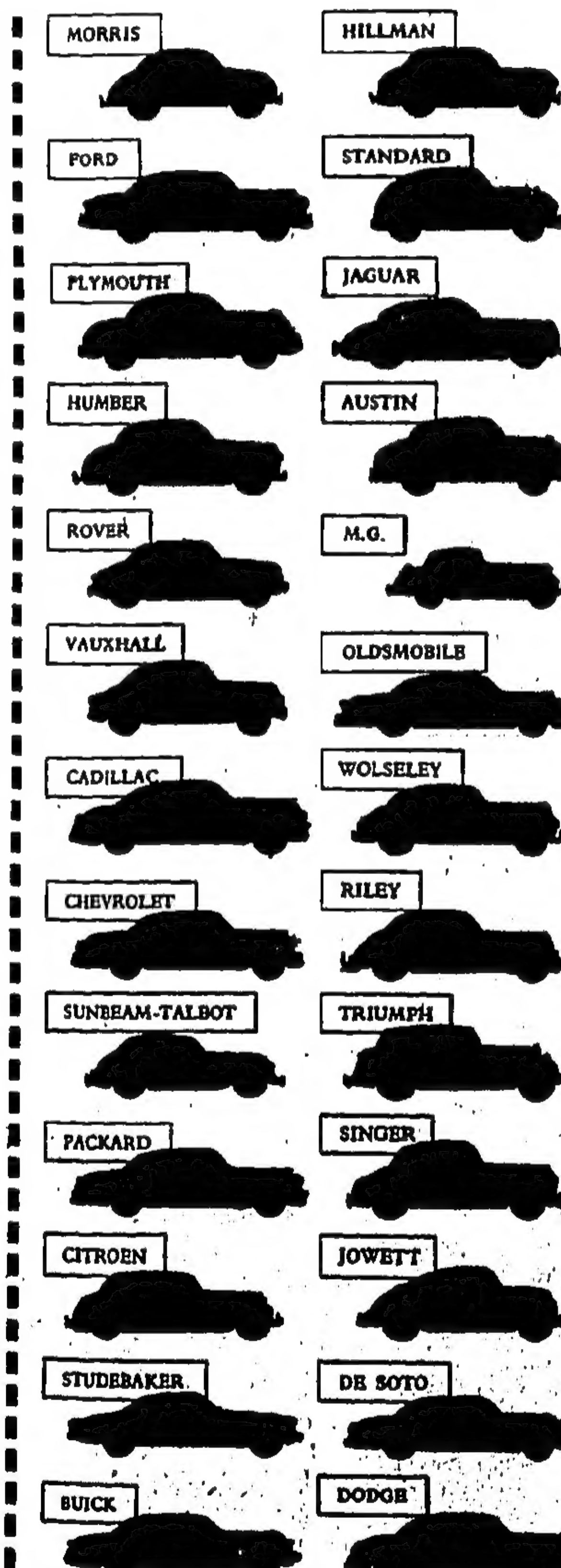
If your judgment were as sound as Humber, Jaguar, Austin, Hillman,

and Ford, you would choose Shell X-100—as they did when they wanted to prove the endurance and efficiency of their cars. And remember—most important—these cars were not 'specials'—they were ordinary production cars. The kind you can buy—the kind you may be driving now. Whether it was to race through 15 countries in 90 hours; hurdle round a race track for seven days and nights at over 100 m.p.h.; to win the Monte Carlo Rally or to speed to the Cape—they relied upon Shell X-100 Motor Oil.



After its 16,800-mile run in seven days and nights, the Jaguar engine was found to be in excellent condition throughout.

The same oil that you can buy at your garage today. These are facts—undeniable facts. No wonder every car manufacturer in Britain endorses Shell X-100 Motor Oil. If you value the life of your car, you too should be running on Shell X-100 Motor Oil.



There are, of course, many other excellent cars on the road today, but space prevents us from including them all

IMPORTANT

There are five grades of Shell X-100 Motor Oil and it is important (particularly in the case of worn engines) to get the correct grade for your car. Your garage will tell you which grade your car should have.

Here are the five grades:
SHELL X-100 GRADE 16/W
SHELL X-100 GRADE 20/W
SHELL X-100 GRADE 24/W
SHELL X-100 GRADE 28/W
SHELL X-100 GRADE 32/W

FACTS prove



fights corrosive acid wear

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus analyse the modern woman's wardrobe problem and show why she's justified to say—

HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR!



• Eight outfits, from slacks to dance dress—barely half the number a woman needs if she is to be smart for every occasion. Ann Farrar models Harrods' dresses.

"HAVEN'T a thing to wear," she says, "I have more right in her suit today than ever before. For on a rainy day, a time when I was a simple affair, a good all-round suit, a good all-round dress, a good all-around evening frock, and you were away."

Today the dress business has to convince you that you ought to have about 20 dresses. Although there are still only 24 hours in the day, they manage to tell you that you don't have a different outfit for every hour.

The modern woman's wardrobe is a vast and varied one. It is not only a matter of having a good all-round suit, a good all-round dress, a good all-around evening frock, and you were away."

Time For No. 3

But it is not only a matter of having a good all-round suit, a good all-round dress, a good all-around evening frock, and you were away."

Somehow that coloured cotton never looked right in town, especially when all the other girls were wearing special town cottons—dark and long-sleeved. Now there were five.

Would that dark cotton take you to cocktail parties? Why, no! The smartest girls at cocktail parties wore special cocktail dresses—barrier than your dark cotton and a touch grander. So then there were six.

Don't Forget No. 7

Would that barrier, grander cocktail dress do for winter parties? Alas, no, it looked too summery. Obviously the really smart thing to wear was a cocktail dress in velvet, corded silk, or tweed, with a scooped-out

HOW YOU TELL WHEN IT'S . . . LOVE!

MEN

When you give up smoking to save money.

When you give up drinking to save money.

When you find yourself drawn to flower shop windows.

When you work with one eye on the telephone.

When you don't even notice pretty girls in the street.

When you send all your suits to the cleaners and start buying ties.

When you'd rather have a quick walk home than a night-cap.

When you call off your all-male week-end dates.

WOMEN

When dieting is easy because you just don't want to eat.

When you find yourself drawn to jewellers' windows.

When you work with one ear cocked for the telephone.

When each day is wonderful—even Monday.

When you blow all your savings on a new hat.

When you start to dress in pale blue.

When you turn down other once-tempting masculine invitations.

The Right Coats

Any hopes that the new half-length dress would carry you through all your dance parties was swiftly crushed. The proper thing to wear for formal occasions, you noted, was a good all-around affair. So then there were nine.

For Holiday

The cardigan when it was chilly. That brought it up to 18.

And even then you had not allowed for at least one special holiday outfit. So now there were 19—and you were not finished yet.

Believe it or not, the dress business boys have managed to persuade us that the one moment left in the day when it didn't much matter what you wore, now matters as much as the others.

The latest kind of outfit you are supposed to have are tartan slacks and flahermen sweaters and flat black pumps—for your LEISURE HOURS.

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DRAMA AND DALE

IT WAS the most dramatic love story of the month, the unlikely story of a girl who became Queen of Egypt, was dethroned, exiled, and was finally married for love.

But imagine how everyday it would sound if Mrs. Dale had recited the story as part of the day-to-day happenings in the life of a doctor's wife.

"Last week saw a big event in our family. Narriman got married again. Of course, I was very sorry that the first marriage didn't turn out as we had all hoped—but, after all, Farouk had lost his job and she has wisely decided to make the best of things."

"I have been so worried about Harry. I remember the day she arrived home with the baby, only a year after her first marriage, and told us that Farouk had got the sack."

"I soon realised that we had been much mistaken in that young man. He was far too selfish to make me happy, and Mother told me he got a very bad name for himself."

"Poor Harry was very upset about leaving him, but I took her and baby Fuad off to the country for a good rest, and she cheered up wonderfully."

"Of course the poor child was far too young to know her own mind, and Mrs. Morgan always says that December can't marry June and be a success."

"However, she got over it very quickly, and we are all delighted

SALES TO STYLE

THERE was a fortune waiting for the man who found these answers to these questions:

Q: A MAN wants to buy a suit. He takes his wife with him. Which of the two should the salesman work on?

A: "THE salesman knows that if the wife says, 'George, I'll never go out with you in that,' there is no question of his buying it."

Q: THE STORE wants to build up a quick-selling accessories counter for handkerchiefs, collars, and socks. Where will it attract most customers?

A: "ON the ground floor, but to the LEFT of the door. We've tested it a hundred times. Most people when they come into a store, instinctively turn to the left."

Q: A CUSTOMER doesn't really want to buy that striped shirt the salesman is trying to foist on him. Should the salesman press him?

A: "YOU can always oversell to an Englishman if you try, be-

THEY PUT A NOSE AND AN EAR IN FOR PLEASANT SCENT . . . AND ATTRACTIVE VOICE

By LADY BOYLE

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NEW GADGET



THE NEW pressure cooker way of making coffee has spread to the dinner table at home. A small-size version of those gleaming steaming machines in West End cafes has come on to the market.

The picture shows how the new gadget looks. The base is filled with water, the top with coffee. When the water boils the steam forces every scrap of coffee flavour from the bean into the metal jug in the middle.

VERDICT: Best coffee we have tasted for a long time—but dear.

TIME TO CHEER

QUOTES — from the man with a rare angle on the Queen's tour. He is Reginald Sutton, who made the sound track for "The Flight of the White Heron," the

cause he will buy anything to avoid a scene. But he'll never set foot in the store again."

ANSWERS by Austin Reed's, whose founder died recently.

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MR D. Benson, Chairman of Stewards of the Hongkong Jockey Club, shakes hands with Mr Tung Ah-ling, President of the newly-built Stable Staff Workers' Club, after he had officially declared open the building. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr W. H. Chinn, Social Welfare Adviser to the Colonial Office, seen with Mrs R. B. Black and other workers at the British Red Cross Society's godown. In top picture, Mr Chinn is seen with the scroll presented to him by the Endeavourers, a social welfare group. Their Chairman, Mr C. N. Li, and Mr K. Keen, Social Welfare Officer, are also in the picture. (Staff Photographer)



THE Skyroom was filled to capacity for the annual ball of the Hongkong Rotary Club. These pictures show (top) His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham being met on their arrival by Mr George Lin, President of the Club, and Mrs Lin, and (bottom) Mr John Marden placing a lei around the shoulders of one of the ladies at the official table. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs A. A. Nozadze and her pupils photographed after the concert given at the Peninsula Hotel last Sunday afternoon. (Mayfair)

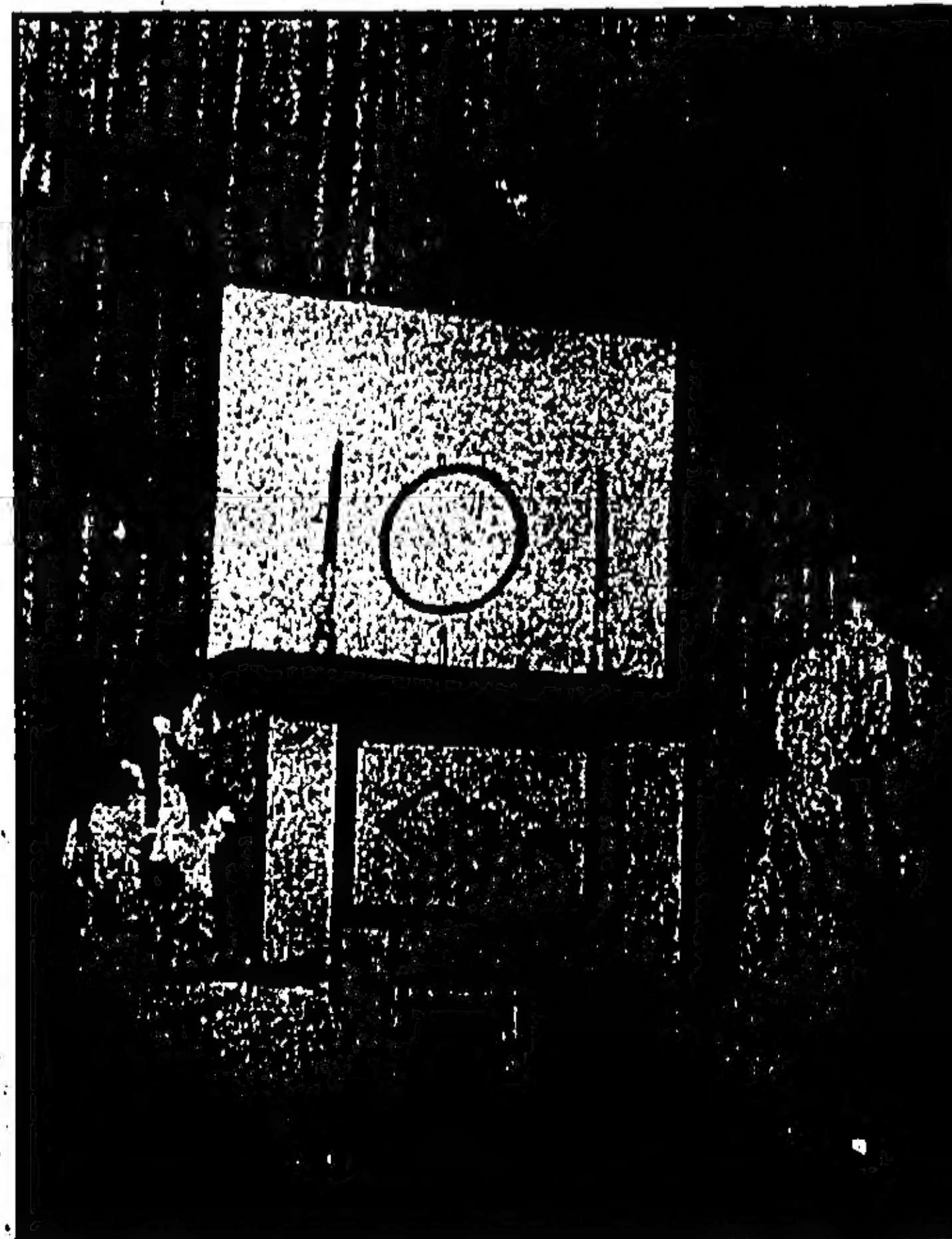
PICTURE taken at St Teresa's Church last Saturday at the wedding of Mr Arthur Alexander Watson and Miss Emerlinda da Silva Fernandes. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Dorothy Lee, one of the helpers during the Aberdeen Trade School's flower day, makes a sale at the Kowloon ferry circus. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW is a scene from "Little Women," the prize-winning play at the Diocesan Girls' School drama festival. Right: Janet Cunningham receiving the shield on behalf of Form 3A from Mr John Luff. (Staff Photographer)



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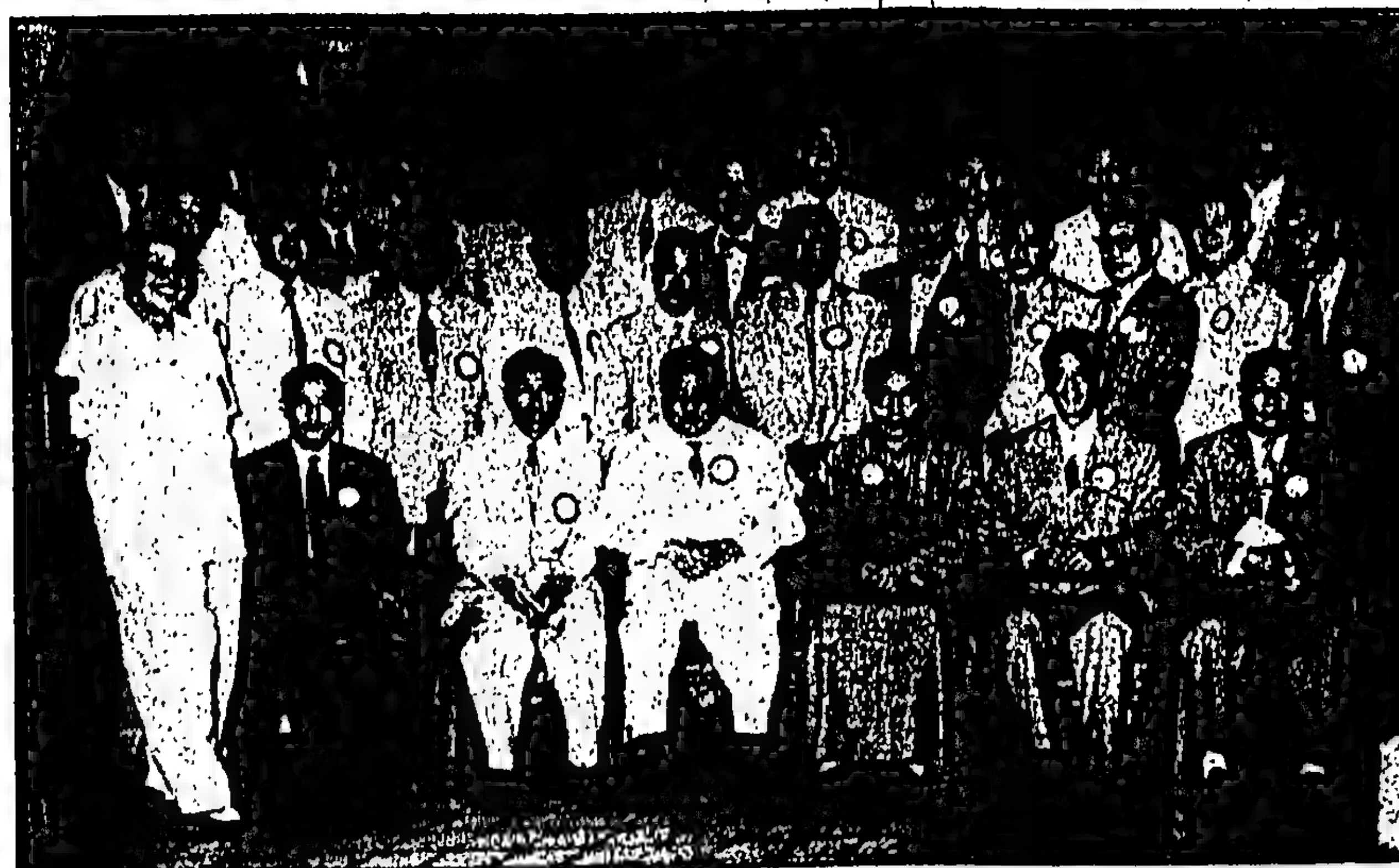
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LIEUTENANT John Ferguson, RA, and his bride, formerly Miss Kathleen Edwards, after their wedding last Saturday at St Barbara's Church, Fort Stanley.
(Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island West. Mr Fung Hon-chu, President of the Club, is seated third from left. (Art Studio)



THE Royal Navy boxing team which defeated a team from the United States Navy to keep the Red Duster Shield. The matches were fought at the Missions to Seamen. (Staff Photographer)



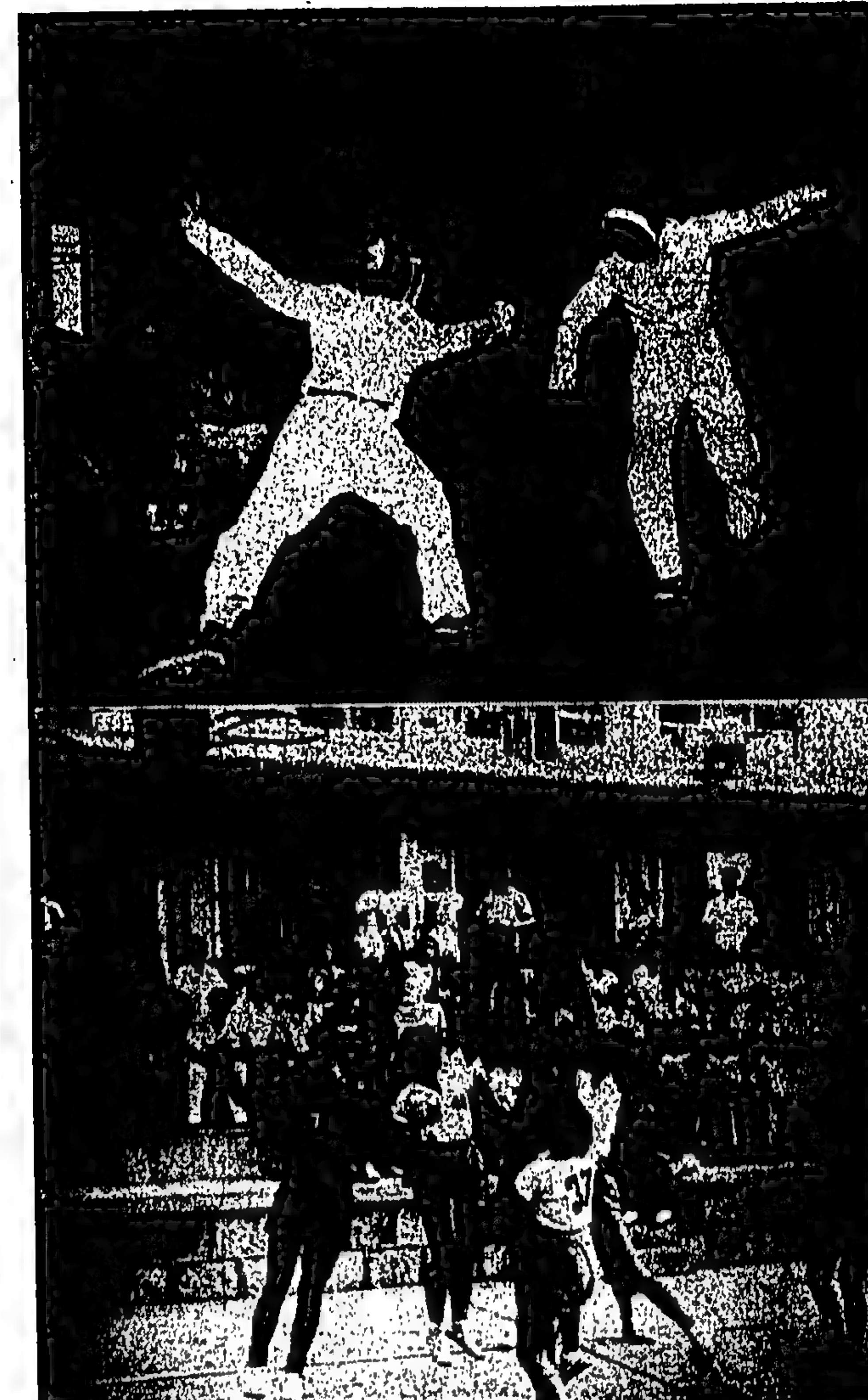
RIGHT: Rear Admiral W. D. Johnston, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Division, U.S. Military Air Transport Service, seen on arrival at Kai Tak. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR R. W. Parsons, Professor of Physics at the University of Hongkong, delivering his inaugural lecture on Tuesday evening. He spoke on nuclear physics. (Staff Photographer)



PRESENT and past members of the Middlesex Regiment at Stanley Military Cemetery on Albuhera Day. A wreath of remembrance was laid by Major G. C. D. Scott-Lowe, second from left. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURES taken at the physical training festival held at the YWCA, Garden Road, last Saturday. Top picture shows a fencing exhibition given by Messrs Fok Wai-sam and Fok Wai-chu. In lower photo is a basketball game in progress between YWCA and Fong Lam Middle School. (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Brother Patrick cutting the birthday cake at the 17th anniversary party of the 17th Kowloon (La Salle College) Scout Group last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



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MR. Eduardo Maria dos Remedios and Miss Gertrude Lourdes Vieira leaving the Catholic Cathedral after their wedding on Wednesday.
(Staff Photographer)



THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. Lawrence Bianchi, waves before emplaning for Rome on Thursday. He will attend the canonisation of Pope Pius X. (Wille's)


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ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF that brings new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!*



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New Colgate Dental Cream is the greatest scientific achievement in toothpaste history—the only toothpaste in the world with clinical proof that brings new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection* against tooth decay!

For only New Colgate's contains Colgate's new miracle ingredient, Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. So, New Colgate Dental Cream—used just morning and

night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night! Actual use, by hundreds of people, showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay ever reported in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, used regularly and exclusively, offers new hope to millions for *Lifetime Protection* against tooth decay!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the only long-lasting and enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree the new Colgate's with Gardol gives the best protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

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RETURN OF THE OLD BRASS BED

By ELEANOR ROSS

FURNITURE is like clothes. Keep something out of circulation long enough, and when it's introduced again, it becomes excitingly new and different, with an element of originality and novelty.

Smart women are going through the family attic and storeroom in search of pieces that were high style in the Victorian era, and newly-weds don't turn up their nose at something old, for change is that it's new all over again.

One item now highly fashionable is a brass bed, for with the use of more and more metal in home furnishings, the old brass bed is staging a comeback. Of course, the old brass bed can't be taken right out of storage and placed in a bedroom with any degree of desirable decorative effect. First, a little work is necessary, but very little, considering the handsome results. A good metal polish followed by a coat of non-

tarnish lacquer, will do wonders for an old brass bed. An old iron bed with cracked enamel can be renovated by removing the shabby paint and giving it a new coat. High colours, such as shocking pink, are popular today. White suggests femininity, while dull black against charcoal grey walls with colourful accents in spread and draperies may appeal for a master bedroom, and is the sort of thing that young folks are keen about just now.

Special Setting

A brass bed is particularly striking among small, symmetrical and modern pieces of dark wood, especially as so many furniture pieces now go in for touches of polished brass.

Because its ornate curves and proportions make it the focal point of the room, the brass bed deserves a setting all its own.

An interesting setting can be achieved by putting the bed behind the bed in a solid colour and hanging a beautiful fabric panel on it. Softly gathered, patch-worked or hung flat, the panel should be of a colour that makes a good foil for brass—any shade of green, a blue with considerable warmth and depth, white, cream, brown, beige, chartreuse or citron yellow.

Other Items

Of course, an old bed can't become new again however fine the renovation, however colourful the setting, unless it is treated to quality sleep equipment, starting with a good mattress and spring combination, pillows that give proper and adequate support to head, neck and shoulders, and lightweight, but warm blankets. As for sheets, those nylon sheets with contour corners are certainly the last word for easy bed-making and washing.

Care For Novelty Footwear

EVERY shoe collection highlights sparkling black patent leather, a beautiful contrast to the colourful prints which are as spring-like as jonquils. Patent leather is sparkling, of course, as long as it is kept bright and clean and it's worth going over shoes and bags frequently to keep them looking like new. Patent can be cleaned with mild soap and water. After the leather is thoroughly dry, work in petroleum jelly or a special leather cream to prevent drying or cracking of the finish.

For a very high polish, there are special patent leather preparations on the market. Do not expose patent leather to heat and do not apply any preparation containing alcohol. To make your own polish, apply a solution of 2 parts vinegar and 1 part water (or water and petroleum jelly) with soft cloth, then polish with dry cloth. And here's a good hint for treating the heels. To prevent the heel leather from cracking, coat carefully with colourless nail polish.

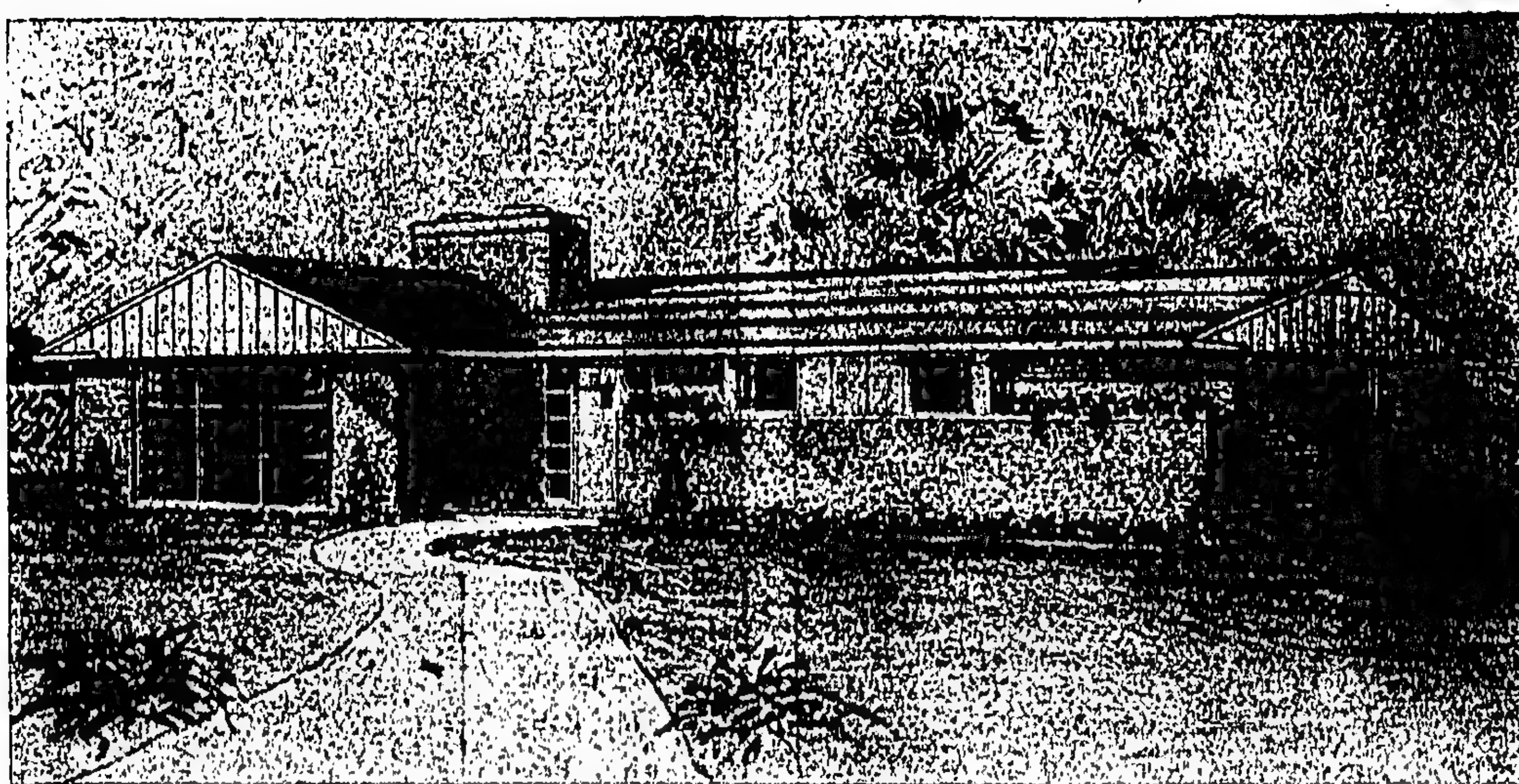
LINEN SHOES

While on the subject of fashionable footwear, we would like to mention that linen shoes are extremely popular for resort wear this season and so are expected to star this summer. To keep fresh, remove any spots as for fabric. Keep shoes on shoe trees or stuff with crumpled tissue paper. If shoes have become muddy, allow to dry and scrub carefully with soap and water. Rub dry with lintless cloth. Avoid artificial heat.

Take care of those handsome evening shoes of lame, metal, gold or silver cloth so popular just now. A little attention should keep them fresh and free from tarnish. Never brush; always wipe well with a soft cloth. If there is a bit of tarnish, rubbing in some alum usually takes care of that. Wipe dry and when not in use, wrap shoes in aluminium foil or black paper.

To clean white satin shoes, rub with soft eraser or with soft cloth dipped in vinegar followed by cloth dipped in cleaning fluid. For an alternative method, use a solution of alcohol with a few drops of lemon juice. Before putting away the over-shoes, keep them as clean as possible so that they'll be ready for insight duty when needed. Clean well with mild soap and lukewarm water and a clean cloth or brush. Apply talcum powder. While and place in a ventilated place well away from artificial heat to dry. Store away from heat.

Simplicity With A Luxury Touch



THREE KINDS OF WINDOWS decoratively dot the front of this L-shaped ranch home. Top-to-bottom side-lights are used on either side of the door. Small high windows are featured on the right side of the house, while the living room, left, boasts a picture window.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

ARCHITECTURE has certainly come a long way from the gingerbread styles so popular with Victorians. For the most part, modern homes in all price brackets have clean, simple lines. They're primarily planned to be practical, but that doesn't mean they're minus luxury touches.

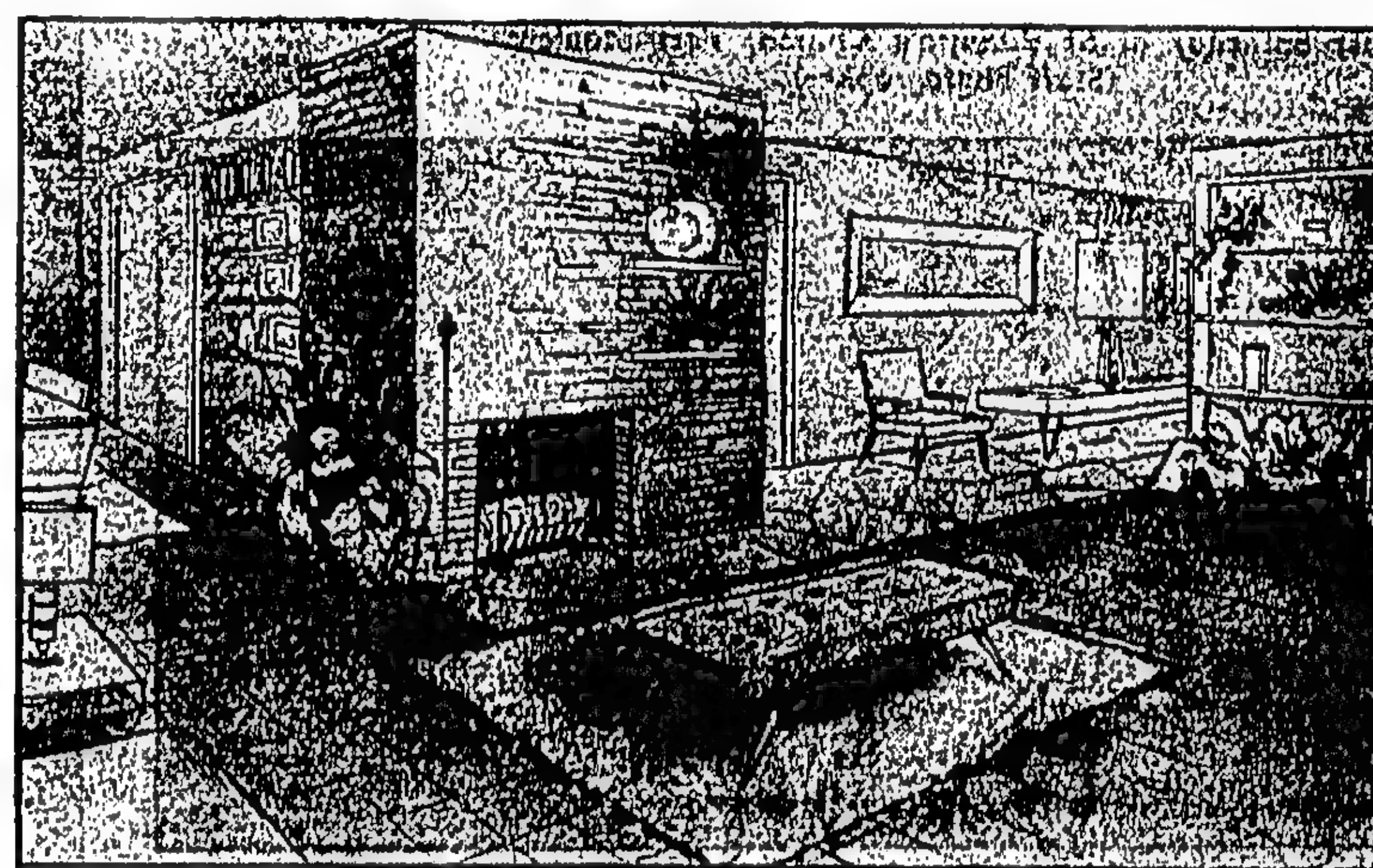
Take the home pictured here as an example. Simplicity is its style. The living is easy, so's the working in this house, because the architect gave them special consideration when he drew up the design. He's also included a few luxury features, among them a compartmented bath.

★ ★ ★

This is a three-bedroom house and the bath is planned accordingly. Instead of a single room, the spacious bathroom area is divided into thirds. There are two lavatories, each with a vanity counter. Centred between them, accessible from either, is the bath.

Note, too, that sleeping quarters, which face the rear of the house for privacy, are convenient to the bath. The master bedroom, in fact, has direct access to one of the lavatories.

At the opposite side of the house, to the left of the entrance, you'll find living and working areas.

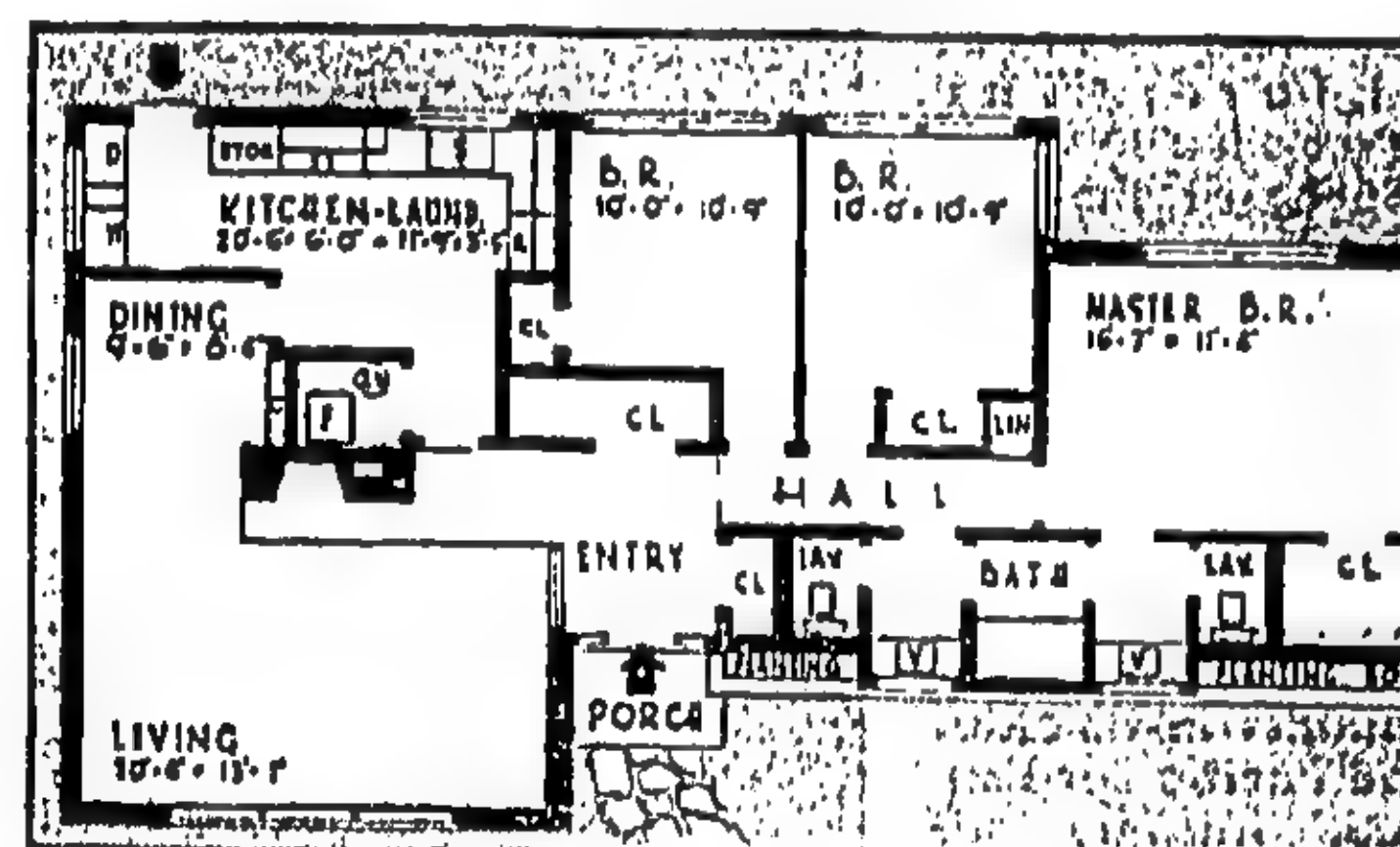


AMONG LUXURIOUS EXTRAS planned for the house is flagstone flooring. It's used in front of the fireplace and for the entry, which is separated from the living room by a glass partition.

A shelved glass partition separates living room and entry, while a flagstone floor leads in from the front door and makes a decorative fronting for the fireplace with its low, no-mantel design. L-shaped, the living room has a dining section located to the rear, near the kitchen.

A laundry is part of the kitchen scheme. Windows on two sides of this work room make it bright and cheerful, and an entrance to the yard is certain to be useful when it's time to hang wash out to dry.

Heating facilities are situated in a small nook in back of the fireplace wall. The house, Design, H-273-KF, comprises 10,362 cubic feet.



START COUNTING the closets—they're numerous—as you enter. There's one to the right of the front door, another opposite it.

WHAT IS THE ADEQUATE DIET FOR AN ATHLETE?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

SUCCESSFUL athletes must have good health. Good nutrition is necessary to good health. So far, so good. But what is good nutrition for the athlete? Does it differ from good nutrition for the spectator, and if so, how? And why?

It has been difficult to provide satisfactory answers to these questions, because there have been different and sometimes sharply clashing points of view. The professional nutritionist has his, based on the general principles of his science. The coach has his, developed out of experience and observation which he, at least, considers adequate. The athlete himself may have something to say, too, based on food preferences, how he feels, and how he performs. An attempt to reconcile these points of view has been made in a special paper prepared for the Council on Food and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

tion by H. L. Upjohn and Julia A. Shaw, nutritionists, Dr. Frederick J. State and coach Lou Little.

They were confronted at the outset with a tremendous variety of old wives' tales. Milk is excluded from many training tables, while tea is allowed without limit. There is a feeling against pork. Most training tables emphasize meat, and beef is the favourite, but all the fat is cut off. Candy is taboo, as are smoking and drinking, and pastry is outlawed, except with dinner. Jolly is verboten because there is protein in it. All fried foods are strictly banned. Peaches have been prohibited because they were said to "cut the wind."

All-Season Issue

These are but a few of the many superstitions and notions which constitute a hodge-podge of confused thinking about diet for the athlete. Good nutrition is not the whole story of a winning team, of course, but it does furnish a sound basis for good condition. The body of the

athlete requires the same kinds of food, and in general, in about the same proportion, as does anybody else, but there are differences. An adequate diet every day throughout the season is a primary necessity, and the longer and harder the season, the more important this becomes. What the contestant eats on the day of the game—or what vitamin pills he takes—are of less importance than his solid nutritional foundation, the endurance he has built up by faithful training, and the skills he has acquired by tireless practice.

The energy needs of an athlete are considerably greater than those of the cheering section. He needs more food; sometimes twice as much as one of equal weight in a sedentary life. The athlete should be kept at the weight which he and his coach know give him the best performance, weighing once a week is often enough. Too frequent weighing of athletes over-emphasizes small day-to-day fluctuations which are of little consequence. Keeping the best weight, controlling the calorie expenditure, but not the arbitrary intake; two athletes may have quite different requirements under similar conditions. Because of this activity, the athlete may

be able to handle more of the very things so often banned from the training table—the sweets and other carbohydrate foods.

Before Competition

Meal, to often emphasised is needed by the athlete in no greater quantity than he would need if he were not competing, except as training may have increased his muscle mass and bigger muscles call for more meat in the diet.

On the day of the game, it is customary to eat the last normal meal at least four hours before competition, because exercise and emotional involvement shut blood away from the digestive organs. There is no need to provide "quick energy" during a game by giving glucose or candy. Unless exercise exceeds five hours, the stored energy of a well-fed body is enough. It is best not to eat heavily right after a contest; there should be a period of rest first.

There also is no need to restrict the athlete too much. Properly tried food is not used too sparingly. It is harmless to anybody, athletes included. So are pastries. Taking the superstition out of the training table takes much of the complications out of feeding the athlete.

REPLACES BUTTER, MARGARINE AND LARD

TREX

PURE, REFINED COOKING FAT

Pablo Picasso's New 'Art'

By ROBIN HUTCHEON

THAT extraordinarily versatile, unpredictable, impish Picasso has done it again! This time it's Picassoism with a capital "P".

The "P" is Period, Cubism, Surrealism and all the other "isms" he's ever dabbled in are just child's play compared with the daring new medium he's found for his art.

This time it's sculpture made out of children's toys and immovably scrawled from the scrapheaps of Southern France.

With the advent of his latest caprice, the twinkling eyes of the 73-year-old off-

like Picasso are twinkling more merrily than ever, and his enigmatic smile has never been so puzzling.

In the past, he has used a variety of materials, from

to this latest venture a new approach to the "monsters" for which Picasso has a decided weakness. The Chief Director of the Paris Museum D'Art Moderne, M. Jean Cassou, has said: "Picasso is an incomparable maker of monsters. Since 1928 Picasso's genius has never ceased to manifest itself in increasingly unpredictable and hermetic creations."

Ask Picasso and he says nothing. No one seems to know the answer. Since this son of a Catalan artist first showed a precocious talent at the age of 14, he has been described as a "realist," "surrealist," "cubist," "expressionist," "classical," "avant-garde," and "classical painter." He has dabbled in easel painting and surrealism, poetry, and is a sculptor and a play-

wright. Like many intellectuals in the Communist Party west of the Channel, Picasso has remained a strong individualist and has refused to accept party "guidance." Last year's drawing of Stalin, showing a youthful face with a fatuous walrus

He follows the party line only when it suits him. He said recently: "Politics is Politics, and that's not I know far more than the Kremlin."

This independence of spirit has characterized Picasso's approach to his work throughout his life. He has never attached himself to any contemporary school. Invariably he has created his own art forms or characterized his more conventional work with his own style.

From time to time Picasso has even written plays. Surrealist plays, of course. "Desire Caught By The Tail" was produced in London about three years ago.

"I don't know what it was all about," said the leading actor after it had finished its short run, "but it gave me a great feeling." Another actor described the play as a "Picasso in words."

Some of the cast of 12 were named: "The Queen," "The Fool," "The Tare," and "Small Anxiety." There was one particular scene in the play where all the actors jumped around the stage holding a red and shouting for two or three minutes. "Oh my children! Oh my children!"

He has written "poetry" too. His "Dreams" and "Lies of General France" opens with the words: "Fandango of shivering ovals."

And here is an extract from another Picasso "poem", written without paragraph, sentence, capital, and punctuation.

"I have discovered the shadow of the angel which stretches over the window of light that climbs little mice on the string of the well that is."

At 73, Picasso is reputed to make as much as £500 a day. As a Vallauris potter he earns a single piece of his work 12 times as much as any of the artisans who have made the tiny Riviera village famous for pottery since the 13th century.

Up till the end of the year Picasso lived with his young French "wife" and their two children as quietly and happily as the tourists would allow them to live.

Quite suddenly Picasso left his quiet life in May 1953. He was in the middle of a painting of a family living on one side of Paris's River Seine, and the other quarter, Picasso, lives on the other side.

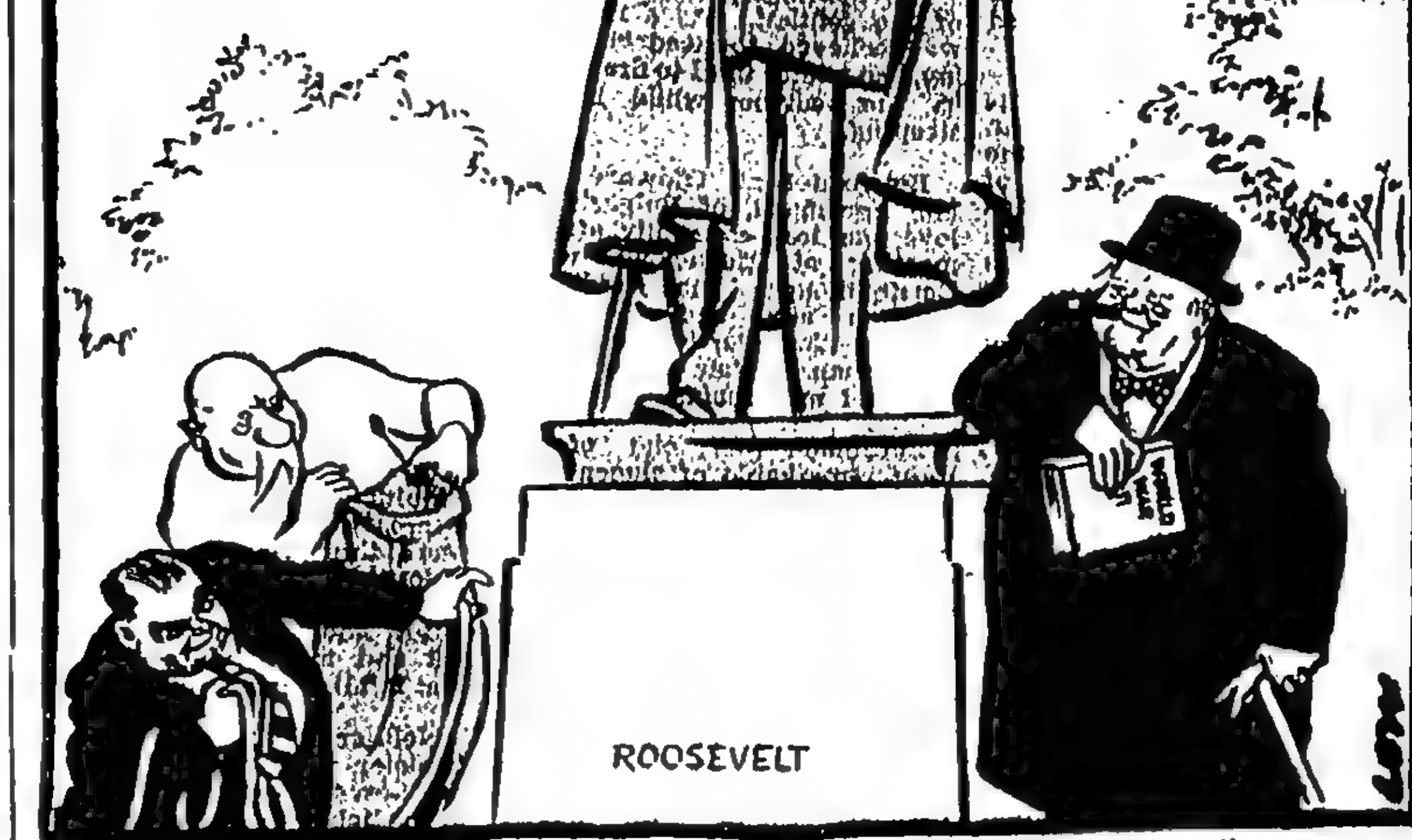
But that is so typical of Picasso. He does just as he pleases. He is the same independent person—whether painter, Communist, writer or family man.

At last year's Cannes Film Festival the Picassos were invited to the official opening. The invitation was politely refused and Picasso turned up in a dirty yellow pullover (with shreds, of course), paint-smeared grey slacks and sandals and a beret. Only Picasso could—and did—get away with that.

Before the family break-up a reporter interviewed him. "I don't worry about him," he said. "He paints on the wall of the drawing room—it's his drawing room and he can do as he likes. If he wants to wear old clothes and sculpt with the children's toys, that's his business. He buys them new toys and everybody's happy."

But the most important question has not been answered. Is Picasso pulling the world's artistic leg with his new creations?

He just smiles and says nothing.



"SO, F. D., THEY FINALLY GET ROUND TO US"

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Has Oxford Stopped Breeding Giants?

OXFORD. AT 8.15 p.m., 24-year-old Mr. Raghavan Iyer, clad in Indian evening dress—a black coat called a sherwani, and white breeches—and with a white carnation in his button-hole, mounted the dais in the debating hall of the union.

He pressed the bell-push on the arm of his chair, and called "Order, order!" His term as president of the Oxford Union had begun. A term in which he achieves not only the pinnacle of his university career, but occupies an office which has a formidable reputation as a springboard to eminence in after-life.

For seven further evenings Mr. Iyer, a spare and handsome graduate—and the first president from Nuffield College—will sit there, ruling this famous Oxford talking-shop, this most precious adopted child of the Mother of Parliaments. Each day he will devote two or three hours of union business in with academic work.

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Then in June, Mr. Iyer will quit the presidential chair, go down from Oxford, and return to India.

What then? Fame or obscurity?

In the eyes of the general public the presidency of the Oxford Union confers on a man the automatic right to be hailed as the latest man of tomorrow. And thus he is launched on the

world, well-equipped with partly-used epigrams, and with an upward glance at the example of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is at the top of the list of former presidents of the union who achieved the highest measure of distinction in public life. Not far behind him is that great Liberal statesman, Lord Asquith, Prime Minister in the first part of the 1914-18 war.

Lord Curzon ("that most superior purson") the most famous Viceroy of India, was president of the union in 1880.

Then there is Lord Birkenhead, who, as P. E. Smith, was a flamboyant wit, lawyer and politician of the highest rank, and Lord Simon, another of the greatest lawyer-politicians of the century.

All these names have an imperishable place in the history books. On them is largely founded the reputation of the Oxford Union today.

What presidents in more recent years have come from Oxford to match their brilliance and giant stature, and to sustain that reputation?

The recent record is disappointing. A look at it shows that the union's standing still rests heavily on its great names of the 19th century.

Take a glance at the careers of the presidents who held office between the wars, 1919-39. There are 66 men still alive who were presidents in that time.

Who's Who does not list 24 of them. That is not as surprising as it may seem. There will always be, and always have been, men who fail to live up to their early promise.

But the significant fact is that of the 32 who are included in Who's Who, not one can be said to have achieved, or be likely to achieve lasting fame in the grand manner.

Into politics have gone 20. Only one has attained Cabinet rank; the present Lord Horne Belisha. One—Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd—has become a fully fledged Minister. Nine, including Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, Mr. Hugh Molson and Mr. Christopher Mayhew, are or have been junior Ministers. The best known of the rest are the Foot brothers, Mr. Dingle Foot, the Liberal; Mr. Michael Foot, the Labour; Mr. Christopher Hollis, Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu and Mr. Anthony Greenwood.

They are all good, sound men. But how many could pack the Albert Hall, how many could stamp the country on a Midlothian tour? Not one. No Gladstones here.

Into the law went 17—many of whom also became MPs. The best-known are the three GCs—Lord Hailsham, Mr. Gerald Gardiner (one of Britain's top

most barristers) and Mr. H. V. Lloyd-Jones. Brilliant men. But it is unlikely that any will be as a Simon or Birkenhead. Waiting and Journalism were also popular. At least seven plumped for them. There are Mr. Beverley Nichols, Mr. Roger Fulford and Mr. Douglas Woodruff, editor of the Catholic paper, The Tablet. They are all competent craftsmen. But writers of overwhelming stature? No.

In fact, not one man of this time shines out with the bright, hard light of those giant stars from the Oxford Union of half a century and more ago.

What is the explanation? Have the standards declined by which presidents are elected? Is transient popularity more rewarded than promise of true worth?

Or is this just a temporary lapse? Can it be that the union will soon produce another Gladstone, another Birkenhead, another Asquith to restore its overvalued present reputation to its true worth?

It may be. In Mr. Raghavan Iyer, sitting in his presidential chair, the man destined to start the revival?

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FROM THE KREMLIN TO YOUR TABLE

By Bernard Ronald

MILAN. RUSSIA will also be showing goods at fairs in Copenhagen, Leipzig, Vienna, Greece and Indonesia later this year.

"Our aim is to develop trade with all countries interested in the Soviet market. As for Britain, she in particular has much industrial equipment which the Soviet Union would like to buy."

"British businessmen who visit Moscow will find the Soviet trade representatives are prepared to do everything possible to facilitate commerce," he went on.

Mr. Suslov pointed out to me that his duties in Moscow include the reception of business visitors from abroad, and added that he had met members of a British trade mission which received Soviet orders in Moscow some months ago.

I asked Mr. Suslov if he could tell me what were his impressions of the Milan Fair.

"The Soviet participation was a success in every way," he declared. "It has been estimated that three million people visited our stands. A good

proportion of the goods we showed have been sold. Enquiries for other exhibits are being followed up."

Showpieces sold by the Russians included carpets, foodstuffs, shotguns, and champagne at the equivalent of eleven shillings and fourpence a bottle. They also sold a Zim six-seater limousine, textiles, furs and milk coats. I am able to reveal that the milk coats sold at the equivalent of £689 apiece.

Mr. Suslov insisted that my visit deserved some vodka. So here is a word of warning. Do not gulp it down, as the Russians invite you to do, unless you have a pilot's licence.

For you really are liable to "take off." A central-heating system, seems to take charge of your "lunards." Your throat gets as hot as a roasting potato. And you wonder just how it is that so watery-looking a liquid can produce such a solid kick.

I don't think vodka will ever find a place on the average Western housewife's table.

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This extraordinary object is the crane, as the artist Picasso sees it. It is one item of 26 (with a total value of £60,000) now on exhibition in London. The 73-year-old Picasso is shown in his most fantastic mood in the show. The exhibit above has a gas tap and a nail for head. The body incorporates a shovel; two forks make the feet.—Reuterphoto.

pull over in July last year, he saw his first exhibition. It was a triumphal success, from all angles, for many people saw it, including myself.

But critics were hard to suppress. His "Monkey With Child" was too much even for the tolerant Roman critics.

The body was an old two-handled vase, the tail was an old iron railing, the head was a toy motor car (the helmet representing the snout and the headlights serving as the nostrils) and half another car was the lower jaw.

The ears were brass ornaments. The car's spare wheel sat on the back of the monkey's head like a bun, and the whole thing was fitted together with plaster and painted a vivid green.

And now in London, at the current Picasso exhibition, he is exhibiting "The Crane". This piece of sculpture has a gas tap and a nail for the head. The body incorporates a shovel; two forks make the feet and it has been given a liberal "war paint" finish in white.

Picasso's latest "art form" made a sensational first appearance at the Paris "abstractionists' May Salon" last year when he exhibited a bust of a sickly-smiling goat and another object which he described as a "three-dimensional bottle."

The goat's head was made of corrugated bronze. The head bristled with rusty four-inch nails, and the eyes were two roughly painted iron bolts. The horns were the handlebars of a child's bicycle smeared with black and white paint.

When Picasso arrived to make his first public appearance in Paris for years, the effect was quite startling. He was dressed like a tramp, but the crowds mobbed him. He was hugged and kissed by many admirers.

One ecstatic woman said to him: "It is simply ravishing. Now I do so really see what you mean."

Other people asked: "What is it meant to be?" But Picasso said nothing. He just smiled.

Why has he been developing his "art" along these lines? After all, his better-known paintings have recently sold freely in London and on the Continent for between £2,500 and £5,500 each.

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by OSBERT LANCASTER

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Such a Crowd of Relations!

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RELATIONS. By Meriel Buchanan. Cassell. 18s. 243 pages.

THEY were brilliant, ethereal beings, as Miss Buchanan sees them, sometimes saintly (Grand Duchess Serge), often unfortunate (Princess Alice), usually endowed with a beauty so unearthly that it could neither be described in words nor transmitted to photographs; and they were all related

to "Grandmama Queen"—Queen Victoria.

The royal clan stretched gloriously from Windsor Castle to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg (smelling of sunflower seeds and leather; with scented fountains and inadequate plumbing), and the old Queen was its acknowledged head.

To her, the Tsarevitch came to announce his engagement. "I was thunderstruck," said the Queen, apparently unaware of the long diplomatic negotiations preceding this match. From her, came the judgments that pronounced a new headstrong and capricious Ferdinand of Bulgaria "absurd."

NEW BOOKS

by GEORGE

MALCOLM THOMSON

His upbringing had not been of the gentlest. As a boy, he was believed to need "hardening," so a tutor used to fire pistols in the bedroom while he lay sleeping.

Between Bertie (Edward VII) and Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, no love was lost, especially after a meeting at Marienbad when Bertie thought that Ferdinand put on airs, and Ferdinand thought that Bertie had taken more than his fair share of the creamed mushrooms.

Ferdinand was one of the most remarkable of Queen Victoria's relations. He was fond of bracelets, and the study of butterflies; because he did not shine on horseback, changed from a cavalry regiment to the infantry.

"It was not really for personal adornment," Miss Buchanan explains, "that he had such a liking for jewellery; it was rather a very real love for precious stones. He nearly always carried a few loose in his pocket."

While travelling in Kenya, long after his abdication, he arrived on the shores of Lake Victoria. Taking out of his pocket a diamond order, he pinned it to his coat.

"This order," he told the guide, "was given me by my cousin, Queen Victoria. Here on the shores of the lake that bears her name, I wear it in memory of her greatness."

INCIDENT

When the Grand Duchess of Hesse fell madly in love with Grand Duke Cyril and her black horse tore a piece out of her husband's trousers, to her vast amusement, the heaviest burden of grief over the business fell on the old Queen.

Through scenes of misty splendour Miss Buchanan respectfully follows her sunshine princesses and their swains—Alice of Hesse ("fascination, scintillating charm, grace of movement," etc.), Marie of Romania who kisses Felix Yusopoff on the cheek after which that young Russian Prince does not wash his face for a week.

Yet it is not all bliss. Vicky's husband (Prussia) drives Alice's husband (Hesse) from his realm and Bertie (Wales) is hardly civil to his sister Vicky next time he visits Berlin.

SILENCE

Princess Stephanie (Belgium) sits through awful meals, during which her father (Leopold II) says not a word to his queen, then Archduke Rudolf (her) comes swooning—courteously leaving his mistress, Mitzel Kasper in a Brussels hotel.

"The little Belgian," he reported to his imperial mama, "will do as well as another," and whisked the girl off to Schonbrunn (1,041 rooms, 140 kitchens).

The wife of the British Ambassador found Stephanie "bewitching"; Rudolf's relations thought she had the "daintiness of a dragon"; Rudolf began to talk of suicide.

MR. BALFOUR'S POODLE. By Roy Jenkins. Heinemann. 21s. 224 pages.

ALL through the phenomenal battle between the House of Lords and Mr. Asquith's Liberal Government—a conflict more crisply known as Peers versus People, was fought round the dining tables of the West End.

A course-by-course account of the struggle (such as Roy Jenkins most competently supplies) shows that, as the climax approached, the temperature rose to 100 degrees in the shade at Greenwich, an unheard-of event. Roads melted. Railway

lines were twisted. The Carlton Hotel burst into flames.

The House of Lords opened its decisive debate on August 9. With grouse-shooting three days off, there was not a moment to spare.

What was it all about?

The Lords, by their veto of the Liberal Budget, had produced a situation in which the Tories, when in office, could rule the country through the Commons and, when in opposition, could rule it through the Lords. The Lords were therefore invited to pass a Parliament Bill limiting their powers. (They were called "Mr. Balfour's poodle" by Lloyd George because Balfour was leader of the Tory Opposition.)

A BLUFF?

What if they refused? Mr. Asquith would ask King George to create a few hundred new peers, thus swamping the Tory opposition.

But would the Premier really ask and the King create? Or was it all a monstrous bluff?

Neither King nor Prime Minister was anxious for the mass-creation—the King, new to his job, was being bombarded with unfriendly anonymous letters. But in Mr. Asquith's drawer was a list of 240 men to whom he was ready to offer coronets—J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, Gilbert Murray, Bertrand Russell, Abe Bailey, Tommy Lipton and the Lord Mayor of London. The new creation would lack neither distinction nor variety.

Passions and the thermometer rose as summer advanced. At the Coronation Ball at Claridge's, all were still friendly enough. Mr. Winston Churchill was in a red Venetian cloak and domino, the Speaker in full Arab regalia, Mr. Waldorf Astor in peer's robes and coronet with a placard "On more vacancy." For this levity he was rebuked in a letter to the Times from "A Peer."

TORIES JEER

On his way to the Abbey, Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was jeered at by Tories in the stands. Noble robes gathered in Lansdowne House and Grosvenor House. Also, their counsels were divided.

There were Die-hards (or ditchers) and compromisers (or hedgers), including weaklings who actually contemplated a reform of the Lords! Six

hundred ditchers, nobles and commoners, with champagne and heady oratory, hailed their veteran leader, Lord Halsbury, round the tables of the Cecil Hotel.

Then there was the unknown element, the unpredictable "backwoodsmen," peers who rarely emerged from their rustic hiding-places but would surely rally out to Westminster to defend their ancient privileges!

When Asquith rose to tell the House of Commons what steps the Government meant to take about the amendments made by the Lords to the Parliament Bill, he was howled down.

With glittering eyes, his wife watched the tumult from the Ladies' Gallery, sent a note to Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary, "For God's sake, save him from the cats and the cads."

Grey did what he could. Mrs. Asquith wrote in her diary, "As I pressed my lips to his hand, his eyes were full of tears." Back to the Lords went the Bill. Lord Morley, Liberal leader, mustered 88 supporters; but Ditcher Salisbury had 129 supper guests at Arlington House. The Dukes were practically solid against surrender.

BALFOUR FLEES

Mr. Balfour fled to Paris—to Bad Gastein—rather than face unpleasantness worse than anything since he had been unjustly "complained of" at Eton 40 years before.

At 10.45 on August 10 the vote was taken. Two noble lords were intoxicated. One was so bad that a peer with medical qualifications was summoned to see him. The patient shouted: "Take the away; he wants to get two guineas out of me!" No hedger, he lurched into the lobby.

The Government won—with the help of 37 ditchers and 13 bishops. "Beaten by the bishops and the rats," cried a hot-tempered politician. But beaten they were. There was nothing left save for Lady Halsbury to refuse to shake hands with hedger Lord Lansdowne and for the 37 rats to be hissed in the Carlton Club.

The Globe newspaper hoped that "no honest man will take any of them by the hand again, that their friends will disown them, their clubs expel them." Within 24 hours, many of their lordships left the stricken field for the grousemoors. It had been, as a great Duke said of a greater battle, the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life.

PARADE

GERMANS SAY: NO BULLFIGHTS

German authorities have introduced to introduce bull fighting into Germany as a sport. Recently German film star Nat. Mistral returned from Madrid and suggested bull fights in Germany. The idea caught on and arrangements were made to import prize bulls as well as several popular Spanish matadors to give the sport a good send-off in Germany. Finally a corporation was formed to construct an arena in Hamburg.

At this point, however, the German Animal Protection League entered the picture, branded bull fighting as "barbarous" and "un-German." At this the Lower Saxony Interior Ministry intervened and outlawed bull fighting, with a claim that such sport "matched an armed man against a defenceless beast" and violated article one of the German animal protection law. Now other German states have imposed similar bans and there is talk of a new quarter. The Spanish Ambassador has registered a protest with the German Government, accusing it of slandering Spanish "sporting traditions."

THE LOWING

A little bit of Old London vanished last week when dairy farm closed and its cows were sent away to be sold. They were the only reminder of the 25,000 animals which London once housed to help supply its population with fresh milk.

The "farm," a large, bright barn with thirty-six stalls, was in Stepney, not far from the Tower of London. It was owned by Mr. David Carson, who went to work there as a boy fifty years ago.

Sometimes the lowing of the cows mingled with the roar of traffic outside to surprise passersby with such a sound of the countryside.

But recently Mr. Carson has been finding it increasingly difficult to find cowmen in the middle of London's asphalt. The cost of feedstuffs, hay, roots and brewers' grain, were steadily rising, too.

Then one day, Mr. Carson decided to give it up. It was cheaper, anyway, to buy milk in bulk from one of the big distributing combines.

POPE'S "WINDOW"

The Pope and his newspapers make news in Rome, where every morning at 7.30 a uniformed gendarme leaves the Vatican City, crosses the spacious, cobbled St. Peter's Square to a small newsstand to collect the Pope's papers.

The gendarme is given a huge bundle of newspapers which he carries back into the Vatican for Pope Pius XII who, at 78, is one of the world's most avid newspaper readers. Even during his recent grave illness from which he has now made a remarkable recovery, the Pope continued to read the newspapers. Confined as he is in a little world of his own, the Vatican City, the Pope finds the world's press his only "window" on the world.

His papers include the Italian Communist newspapers which are not normally sold at the St. Peter's kiosk, and a sporting daily, for the Pope follows international sporting events. He once admitted to some radio commentators he even listened to football broadcasts. During the day the Pope receives a specially-complied survey of the world's newspapers.

As for the reading interests of the Pope, they are infinite. Recently he was seen reading a German article on the possibility of space flight. Although he expressed the desire to fly in a jet plane (he last flew in 1937) he wasn't so sure about a trip to the Moon.

CLUB FOR "TOPLINERS"

"Topliners" is a club for men and women of over average height. It was founded by Mrs. Phyllis Cronin, of Skipton, Yorkshire, with the object of helping those who can't find clothes large enough to fit them. Members of "Topliners" who must be over 5ft. 8in. If they're men, and over 5ft. 10in. If they're women, want manufacturers to make longer dresses, coats, suits, shirts, and underwear, shoes, and beds.

Mr. Cronin, whose mother came from Ayrshire, started her "tall campaign" in 1950. She concentrated first on getting larger shoes and stockings for women, then turned her attention to extra-long clothes for men and women.

A-FEUDIN'

Belgian town of AN' A-FIGHTIN' flock of bustling detectives to hunt for the missing works of the town hall bell.

Wearily, they questioned the townsmen—without success. Nor do they expect much luck. The theft is part of an elaborate feud between the town council and the provincial government.

It started when the government overruled the council and appointed a mayor who had won minority support. The council retaliated by passing a series of ham-stringing bylaws.

They turned out the lights, cut off the bus service and ordered cafes to close at 8 p.m. The government then suspended the council and appointed a commissioner to govern. Next day the hands from the town hall clock disappeared. When they were returned, the bell works were lifted.

PAINLESS EXTRACTION To toothache sufferers the news was consoling: under the watchful eye of 300 dentists, 235 red-haired Janice Burton, 23-year-old nurse from London, had a wisdom tooth extracted under hypnosis painlessly. The event was no stunt. The extraction was done at the British Dental Association meeting in Blackpool to demonstrate an operation under hypnosis. It took 15 minutes to complete, from the moment she closed her eyes until she awoke. And Janice, smoking a cigarette five minutes later, commented: "There was no pain at all. It was like coming out of a relaxing sleep."

FISH FROM THE SKY Plump, wriggling, raining trout tumbled from the startled townsfolk of Pontechianale, North Italy, last week. Trout in their thousands tumbled on the roof tops, swept down the gutters, hit passersby on the heads.

The reason: workmen clearing the 5,000-foot high lake of Madalena accidentally opened the dam sluices. Water swirled down onto the town below carrying with it the lake's rich stock of brood trout, worth £18,000. The force of the water hitting the streets hurled the live fish into the air.

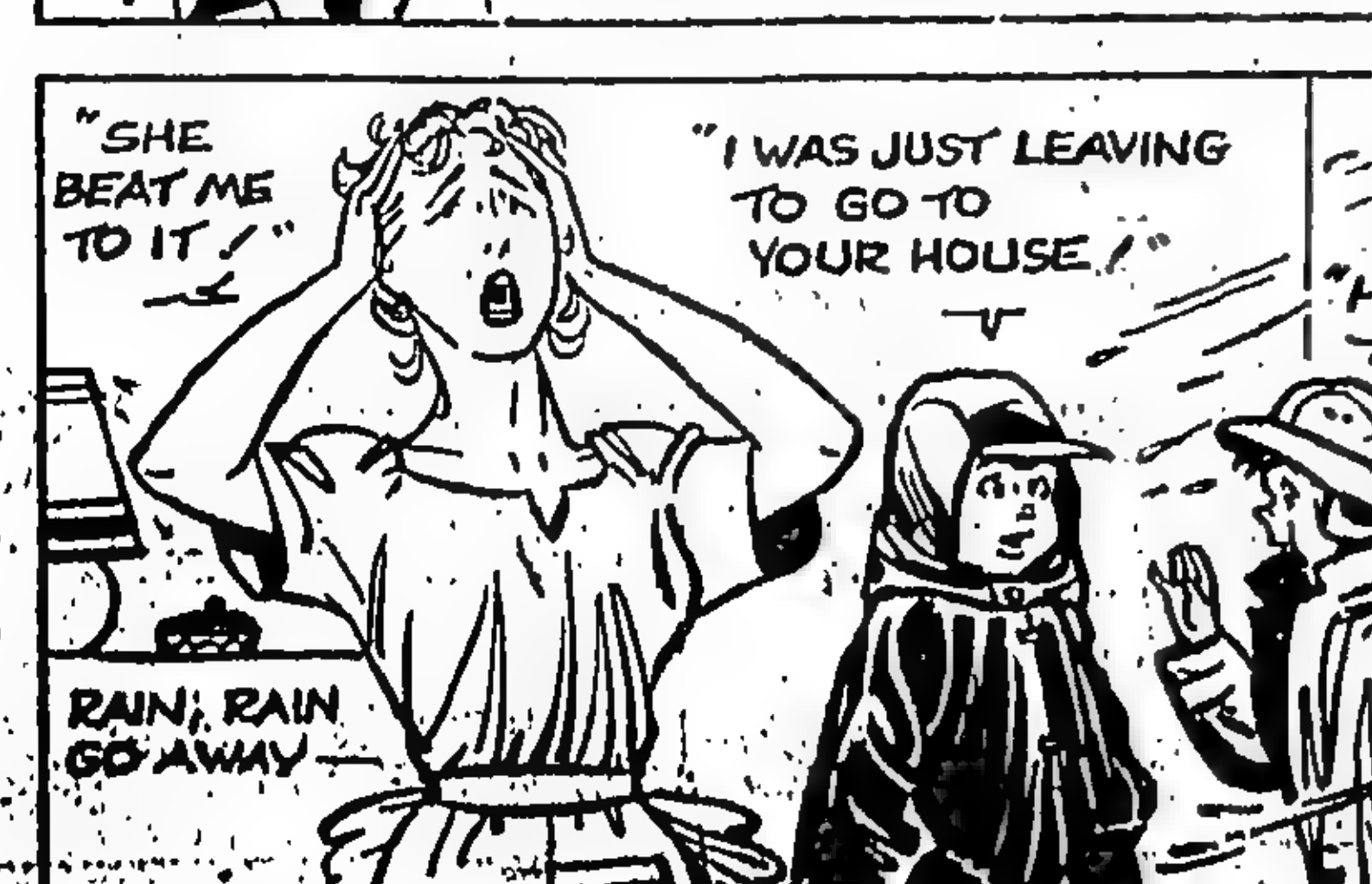
HOW TO PLAY? A hobbyist (59-year-old Mr. Samuel Morris of Capetown) has made what he claims to be the world's smallest draughts board. It is the size of a full-stop—which is even smaller than a pin's head. Mr. Morris used a microscope to work on the board—and put the finishing touches to it with a dog's hair attached to a mechanical finger. His next task: to make a set of draughtmen.

BEACH CHURCH If Belgian youth insist on spending their Sunday mornings on the beach instead of in church, the church will follow them. Belgian ecclesiastical authorities have decided to erect an open-air altar at Ostend, near Oostend; a favourite teenage haunt.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Showers And Plain Rain

BY HARRY WEINERT



"The Importance Of Being Earnest"

From Radio Hongkong

In Wednesday Theatre this week at 9 p.m. listeners can hear Oscar Wilde's ever popular masterpiece, "The Importance of Being Earnest". This production by Peter Watts has a brilliant cast headed by John Gielgud as John Worthing.

The parts of Lady Bracknell and the Hon. Gwendolin Fairfax are taken by Dame Edith Evans and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis respectively, and Angela Baddeley plays Cicely Cardew—Worthing's ward.

Of this production one critic has written "The obvious gusto of the distinguished cast and their obvious enjoyment of this supremelyactable play came over to the listener, and... none of the delicious paradoxes was lost".

On Friday evening at 10 o'clock Father Ryan will be in the studio to talk about the Canonisation of Pope Pius X, which is to take place in Rome next Saturday. The ceremony, at which His Holiness Pope Pius XII will preside, will be held in the great square in front of St. Peter's, which holds several hundred thousand people.

Representatives from all over the world will be present, including Bishop Bianchi of Hongkong. It is a very important event in the annals of Catholic history, as it is over two hundred years since any other Pope has been canonised, and it is only by special permission of the reigning Pope that even the preliminaries of the complicated procedure of canonisation can be begun within 50 years of the person's death.

MUSIC

There will be two live recitals from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong this week. In the first one at 8.30 on Wednesday, Ruby Woo will be giving a short piano recital which will comprise two pieces by Mendelssohn and two preludes of Debussy.

In the same programme Edith Chow will sing two Western songs, followed by a traditional Chinese air, "My Home is At The Source of The Yangtze".

The second recital, at 11.15 on Friday evening is to be given by Arrigo Foa, violin, and Isolda Ahwee, piano. They will play that very lovely Sonata, the Third of Debussy, which many consider his finest chamber work.

TIP TOP TUNES

Once again, on Friday at 6.45 Jean will be presenting her popular programme of the hit records of the month, as indicated by Listener's own requests.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 960 kilocycles per second, and on 9.62 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 HUNGS FROM THE SHOWS.
1.00 THE CHINA MAIL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1954.

Presented by John Watt.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, MUSICAL BROADCASTING.
1.05 MORNING MUSIC.
1.10 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY).

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7.55 THE CHINA MAIL, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1954.

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1.00 NEWS WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.05 MORNING MUSIC.
1.10 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY).

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

BUSMEN KEPT ON WINNING EVEN WHEN THEY WERE HAVING A BAD RUN

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Some years ago the late Herbert Chapman, Manager of Arsenal Football Club, wrote, in a letter to a friend, that the eventual greatness of a team depended on its ability to keep on winning when it was having a bad run. He said that he tried hard to convince his players that it was the point collected when the team had an off day that really added up to final success in the League race for the Championship.

Local football fans who care to study the record of KMB during the season will notice how often they managed to come out on top when their form did not quite justify a victory. South China, the Army, and Kitchee dropped points when they had a bad day, but KMB somehow managed to find this ability to win, and it has taken them through to a popular Championship success.

The new Champions are a good all-round side and it says much for their reserves' strength that they have not on top in a season when illness and injury robbed them of the services of key players several times during the season.

Many of the established stars have claimed their share of the limelight but surely the most pleasing feature of their side towards the end of the season has been the promise shown by little Lee Shun-fai on the right half.

This young player has come to stay and it reflects great credit on the team officials that they persevered with him when the temptation to replace him with a more experienced man for the vital final games must have been very great indeed.

To Mr. Leung Louie and his red-shirted Champions I extend my heartiest congratulations on their success, new trophies and all the good of the game.

WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE

Hidden away, and in fact almost lost, in the press reports of the meeting of the Council of HKFA earlier in the week was an item of news of considerable importance to local football. With the 'fireworks' claiming the limelight the elevation of Mr. Andy Mullin to a place on the Council got little more than a passing mention, but it is a happening of considerable importance.

Andy Mullin will bring to the legislative side of the game a wealth of knowledge, and not just of football in the Colony but of football across the world. It is to be said in Glasgow that no footballer ever signed for Celtic but of those who did some were merely better than others, and as an old Celtic player who served his soccer apprenticeship in the 'Muley Era', Mullin knows how exciting a standard a footballer can be set.

The football education was obtained in school where playing soccer was achieved by meticulous attention to every aspect of the game, and where every goal against was the subject of an exhaustive post-game investigation.

A famous trainer of Celtic tells a good story of one of these incidents. During the discussion Manager Mailey told Charlie 'Happy Feet' Napier, who had been playing at outside-left, that he was to blame for a lost goal. The winger was astonished and replied 'Me? I was 30 yards away from the goal!'. Mailey quickly replied 'Exactly, 20 yards too far'.

It would seem that this latest move virtually finishes the active playing career of Mr. Mullin but, if he can impart some of his great knowledge of the game to those around him and to those who will come under his guidance, then he can make a most significant contribution to our football. I welcome him to his new appointment; may all his Council meetings not be as fiery as his first.

FURTHER COMMENT

Since my article last Saturday you will have read a letter to this paper by Mr. Lee Wai-tong on the subject of his broadcasts from Manila during the Asian Games. It is always right and fair that both sides of a story should be told but there

at several points that require a little further comment.

My article was a factual and objective report of several happenings. I was careful to offer no personal opinion as to right or wrong and I believe that Mr. Sveddon, by his direct alliance, has raised his own personal prestige to a higher level in our football community than it has been at any time since his arrival in the Colony. One question now is 'Was my article justified?'

I take the liberty of quoting from a contemporary writer who, when speaking about the actual broadcast, said: 'I was amazed at the lengths to which he went in his criticism of a fellow coach.' Later in the same article he pointed out that local vernacular newspapers used the material to hold Mr. Sveddon up to ridicule—in word and drawing—as the man who let Hongkong down.

In conversation with Mr. Jack Skinner the other day I was struck by a remark he made when he said that one of the most noticeable features of the Asian Games was the tremendous national fervour of the different competing nations. It may have been this very factor that temporarily swayed Mr. Lee's normally sound judgment.

In his letter to the Editor of this paper Mr. Lee offered to tender an apology to Mr. Sveddon if the Hongkong coach considered that the comments were personal rather than in the interests of sports.

I think Mr. Lee will wait a long time before he receives any request for an apology, but if he knew a famous film 'The Winslow Boy' he may recall a brilliant interchange of notes between two Members of Parliament who were in critical opposition.

One slipped a bit of paper across to his neighbour. It bore the words 'Let Justice be Done'. It was returned immediately to him with the word 'Justice' struck out and the word 'right' substituted!!! I make no further comment. The incident is—in the best interests of local football—better forgotten.

COMING MATCHES

There are several attractive games down for decision during the next seven days. League and representative encounters will provide lots of good football for spectators but, with the ever rising temperature, and the wide choice of games, the public will probably show a deal of discretion in choosing their soccer entertainment.

Today Army and Kitchee are listed to meet in their return match but, at the time of writing, there are several doubts about how and when this game will be staged.

It is understood that the Army has suggested that, as the outcome will have no bearing on the Championship, the game should be played tonight under floodlights with a late kick-off.

There is a lot to commend this suggestion but whether it will find favour with the FA remains to be seen. Those who recall the thrills of the first meeting of the teams will no doubt turn out to see this return and, in fairness to the crowd, and to the players on evening

contest under the lights seems a good idea.

Tomorrow at Caroline Hill Great Britain and China meet in the final of the International Cup. This match will be of 90 minutes' duration and no extra time will be played. Whatever the outcome this should be a good game from a spectators' point of view. The start is at 5.30.

On Tuesday, Club close their League programme with a match against Sing Tao. If the Tigers can reproduce their recent KMB form they could deny the hostlers a closing victory.

The Double Tenth Charity Match between Combined Chinese and The Rest takes place at Caroline Hill on Thursday with a 6 p.m. kick-off. The game is of 70 minutes' duration and no extra time will be played. Once again this gives promise of being an entertaining encounter with the odds in favour of a Combined Chinese victory.

During recent matches it has been impossible not to feel some regret that circumstances have prolonged the season so far. It is obvious to all that due to the physical discomfort of playing in the present heat, the players are getting little enjoyment out of the game.

By Government Order

Sport and culture travel hand in hand in Hungary—by Government order. Last week all State factories were ordered to have a sport and culture fund.

It is to be financed by the factory management up to 9 per cent of the total paid in wages. Forty-five per cent of the money will be spent on sport and 55 per cent on cultural activity.

But a more practical demonstration of marriage between sport and the arts is provided by the Budapest State Opera House. The artists have a soccer eleven, a water polo team, and two billiards teams competing in the national tournament and are now planning basketball, fencing and gymnastic sections. They are also keen anglers.

—(London Express Service)

Motor-cycling Hits Hungary

Motor-cycling is the latest sport to hit Hungary. For the first time the Hungarians are to send a team to compete in the six-day trial in England next September.

Hungary now has 2,000 registered racing motor-cyclists compared with 30 in 1942.

The sport has a regular following of 60,000. Hungarian riders favour the home produced Csepel in the 125 cc class, the Jawa in the 250 and 350 classes and the German BMW in the 500 cc class.

—(London Express Service)

JOINT EFFORT



Training is a joint effort for Rugby international Chris Winn and his wife, Valerie (known to track fans as Valerie Hall). Here they are 'in double harness' in Richmond Park, Surrey.—Reuterphoto.

Alma Mater

By HENRY LONGHURST

Sometime in the spring of 1754 twenty-two noblemen and gentlemen, "being admirers of the ancient and healthful Exercise of the golf, and at the same time having the interest and prosperity of the ancient city of St Andrews at heart, being the Alma Mater of the Golf," met at the Black Bull tavern at St Andrews and subscribed 5s. apiece for a silver club to be played for on May 14.

Last Friday the members of the Royal and Ancient Club celebrated the 200th anniversary of this event by playing in the medal and dining later in the town hall.

In early days they were the Society of St Andrews Golfers and, until 1835 when King William IV had already given them their present title and the vast gold medal, which is played for at the autumn meeting, they had no home of their own. At this time the Union Club was inaugurated on the site of what used to be until a few years ago the Grand Hotel and is now a students' hostel, for the benefit of members of the R. and A. and the St Andrews Archers Club.

GREY SENTINEL. In 1853, as the present captain, Lieut.-Col. John Inglis, has recorded, the Union Club's finances were sounder than their drains and they built the present clubhouse, which, presided over by the faces peering down at him silently and perhaps, after seeing his practice swing, a little contemptuously from these windows.

The holy of holies in the golfing shrine is the Big Room. The visitor, entering with some awe for the first time, may be struck by the fact that the walls are lined with lockers, each with a large brass plate engraved with the name of the owner. The chances are that he no longer plays but he will cherish his locker to the end. I chanced to be present when Roger Wethered had his locker. I believe he had been a member for 28 years.

The portraits, too, so widely reproduced in golf clubs all over the world, will also strike the visitor, notably that of the Prince of Wales, whose captaincy, alas, coincided with the era of the Fair Isle pullover. His Royal Highness will be the first to agree, I am sure, that the one in which he was depicted is a shocker.

Then there is that chivalrous character, Freddie Tait, his charm shining from the canvas, when he lost his life leading a charge in the Boer War. And Allan Robertson, the first of the

great St Andrews golfers, who never lost a level match, and Old Tom Morris, whose sole comment on his portrait was "Aye, he's got the cheek of me cap just right." Old Tom's shop still stands beside the 18th green and over it lives his great granddaughter—I think I have the number of "groats" right—and his great great granddaughter, the latter aged eight.

Twice a year on the eve of the modal the Big Room becomes the Parliament of Gold, attended by members of every calling and profession—from Field-Marshal, ex-Chancellors, and judges down to the occasional humble penman—and presided over on one occasion by an American "speaker," Francis Oulmet. In golf, as in more elevated spheres, there are good parliaments and bad, but the bad have been the fault of the incumbents not of the institution.

QUICK EXIT

Next door to the Big Room is the Silence Room, mention of which recalls one of the more sacred traditions of the Club, namely the total and permanent exclusion of women. When a female cashier was installed in the dining room, an elderly member was heard to say for the first time, "Dammit. It's a woman. Last woman saw in here was an American. She was smoking in the Silence Room. I soon had her out."

In this room is the safe containing the truly remarkable trophies and regalia of the Club among them the silver clubs—three of them by now—on which every captain for 200 years has appended a silver ball and the original championship Belt won outright by Young Tom in 1870.

Nowadays, the Club numbers among its members golfers from all over the world including some of the most distinguished figures in United States golf, and at the end of this month we shall be welcoming teams from Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand for a great Commonwealth tournament.

If only the 22 noblemen and gentlemen could have been there, how delighted they would be.

LAWN BOWLS REVIEW

Recreio "Whites" Are In Impressive Early Season Form

By "TOUCHER"

The Colony lawn bowls First and Second Division League season enters its third week of matches this afternoon with Recreio in the lead in both divisions.

Of the two Recreio First Division teams the "Whites" rather than the champion "Blues" team have been the more impressive. Last Saturday they followed up their previous week's 4-1 win over Kowloon Dock with a resounding 5-0 triumph over the formidable Kowloon Bowling Green Club squad.

Early season form is usually deceptive, especially in lawn bowls, but if the Recreio "Whites" can produce the same impressive form as they have done in the last two weeks when they play Police this afternoon, they should be a team difficult to pass this season.

The Recreio "Blues" look as if their reshuffled ranks still have to find their footing. Three changes from their last year's team and the taking over of one rink by Raul Luz in the absence of Jackie Noronha have found them unable as yet to strike as effective combinations.

Against Craigengower they managed to eke out only a narrow 3-2 decision and against Filipino Club last week they again got out by the skin of their teeth with a 3-2 win.

This afternoon they take on Kowloon Docks at Hingung in the only other First Division game of the afternoon. The Dockmen have not been having a good beginning to the season, being credited with only one point in their last two matches, but will have a very good opportunity of redeeming themselves this afternoon.

Though the odds are against them, they may find the Recreio "Blues" still a shaky team and an exceptional performance by one of their rinks, say Elliott's, might bring them an unexpected 3-2 win.

Whereas Kowloon Bowling Green Club showed up disappointingly in their opening match of the season by losing 0-6 to the Recreio "Whites", Kowloon Cricket Club started the season with an encouraging 4-1 victory over the Police.

Tommy Baker's rink claimed at the same time the distinction of scoring the biggest rink win of the week when he and his men overcame the formidable Gough's rink by 35-8.

For the Cricket Club, Baker's rink seems to be the problematical one this year. It can win by a tremendous margin and yet lose by the same margin on its off-day. It can carry the side to victory as well as to defeat.

With the other two rinks fairly consistent, the KCC team will be an attractive team to watch in action this season on account of that extra "gambling" element.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division, Recreio has so far taken nine points and conceded only one in two matches, and have already established themselves as one of the top favourites to garner the title.

Their 3-0 win over the Hongkong Bowling Club last Saturday was an especially creditable one and one which will have an important bearing on their final standings as the Football Club consisted of a number of its last season's First Division bowlers and can be ranked as one of the top teams in this division this season.

This afternoon the Recreio rinks will be at home to the Bowling Green Club who defeated USRC by 34-14 last week. The Bowling Green Club has a number of new bowlers in its ranks and it is doubtful if they can get away with more than one point from this match.

The Indians are next on the table with eight points from two matches but as their match against the Hongkong Cricket Club has been postponed, the next interesting match in the Second Division will be that between the Hongkong Football Club and Craigengower.

Craigengower, after going down to Recreio in their opening match, scored their first win last Saturday when they beat the Hongkong Cricket Club by 4-1.

Unfortunately the scores of this match were not published together with the others as the Craigengower Cricket Club, which is to be returned to one central place in Hongkong and one in Kowloon, has proved to be very successful for many years both for the press and the public. It is hoped that the Hongkong Cricket Club could not fall in

line with the other clubs, who sometimes send in their cards from as far as Stanley or Tak-koo.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
KDC v. Recreio "Blues"
PRC v. Recreio "Whites"
IRC v. FC (Postponed)
KBGC v. CCC (Postponed)
KCC (bye).

Second Division
HKFC v. CCC
Recreio v. KBGC
TC v. USRC
KCC v. PRC
IRC v. HKCC (Postponed)

Friendly
PRC v. HKFC
TOMORROW
Volunteer Centenary Match
Past v. Present at KBGC.

ON THE RECORD

A Letter From Jennifer

Most readers of this column remember Jennifer Hart. It will please most of them to know that Jennifer recently came out of five weeks in a dark room and one of the first things she did was write a letter.

Here are some quotes from this letter:

"I do hope Stephen Xavier will do well in the Asian Games. Wish him luck from me, please."

"I'm doing my exercises and will start training soon. I hope I can recover from last year's form."

"I'm so glad that Fok Wing-shing got the Athlete of the year award. She is such a nice girl."

"It is five weeks from today that I got my eye opened on. I had to spend a month doing no close work such as reading or writing. It got terribly boring."

"I am going to write to Rita and I could easily go to see her because there is a bus at the bottom of our road that goes to Portsmouth."

"I see that KGV were beaten in the Relay. Does Eddie's leg still worry him? Has he finished with running?"

"If you see Lynn give her my love and do you think you could ask her if she got my letter?"

Of all the letters that I have received few have pleased me more.

Here is a case of an athlete (not a booter, a handler or a ball chaser) who, after having come out of the dark into the normal scheme of things, essentially first thought of someone else who had a bad leg and a knee here who was even though she did not know it when she wrote her letter, did not let her down.

As a sports editor it pleases me every now and then to see some of the greatest sports writers and athletes (Roger Bannister was one of the latter) turn round and complain about the fact that there are more spectators about than there are participants in sports.

Bannister may be right, but not in the case of athletics which in England is yearly attracting more participants despite the fact that the sport never makes money.

At the Second Asian Games I saw many distracting things. Some of these are not worth remembering, though they may be worth mentioning to those who have not seen the same. I saw the world's biggest collection of dirty fouls in the good old game of soccer.

I have it on the sincerest and most indisputable authority (I never believe my own eyes and never trust my own ears) that two players of Chinese origin in the Vietnam team were fouled and incapacitated by their fellow-Chinese even before they had started being an asset to their side.

It may be pointed out here that the Second Asian Games depended to a great deal on the "gate money" on the "Philippines" of Chinese origin who filled up the Rizal Memorial stadium after 1 p.m. and whose wild enthusiasm was a great help to the Philippine team. It was that they were not seen to be so much as disqualified.

Manolita Cinco, at least, was better than what happened to her. The little Mindanaoan just broke twice and the final rule in athletics is that she was disqualified. The fact that she started, fortunate Catalon, did exactly that reacts eternally to his credit as an honest official who had enough courage to disqualify a fellow national.

It may be mentioned that he also spoiled Stephen Xavier's chances of another medal, but his personal and responsible qualifications, as far as this column is concerned, are beyond question. Catalon was booed for two hours on end and had many bottles of a well-advertised beverage in the Philippines thrown at him. He did not lose his dignity.

Team games in Asia particularly despite their glamour, have fallen into disrepute because of the number of "spivs" around in Hongkong who crowd these so-called "matches".

In the last few years the games that do not call on teams have grown in repute. Please follow the growing circulation of the little magazines devoted to non-team games if you are not inclined to believe me.

The great schools of the world at large can still afford to put out rowing, eights and teams of other description whom the spivs at large do not look upon as horses. It is largely a matter of prestige and it costs a lot of money.

But please, all Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, all Sports Masters and all Sports Mistresses, no matter what your qualifications were at the age of 23, don't tell that the great character builder these days is the team game.

Team games will ever remain popular and will always attract money at the turnstiles. It would be stupid to suggest that team games should not form part of the sporting activities of schools. They play their part in moulding character.

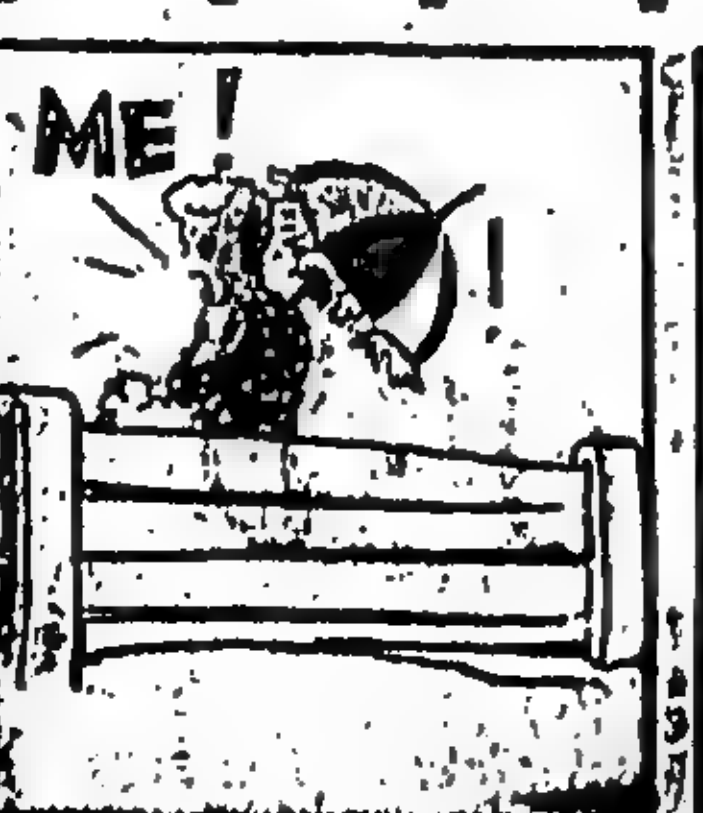
But I will challenge the seemingly established idea that these games are greater character-builders than the non-team games. There are always the better and the poorer members of a team and the better ones, especially when they are teen-agers, soon develop a conceit far beyond their years.

In the non-team games the boys and girls who choose to run, jump and swim have to train "largely" on their own. Training for these games is essentially a tedious procedure. It takes courage and perseverance to train on one's own. It is a lonely and often a painful character development of the same type.

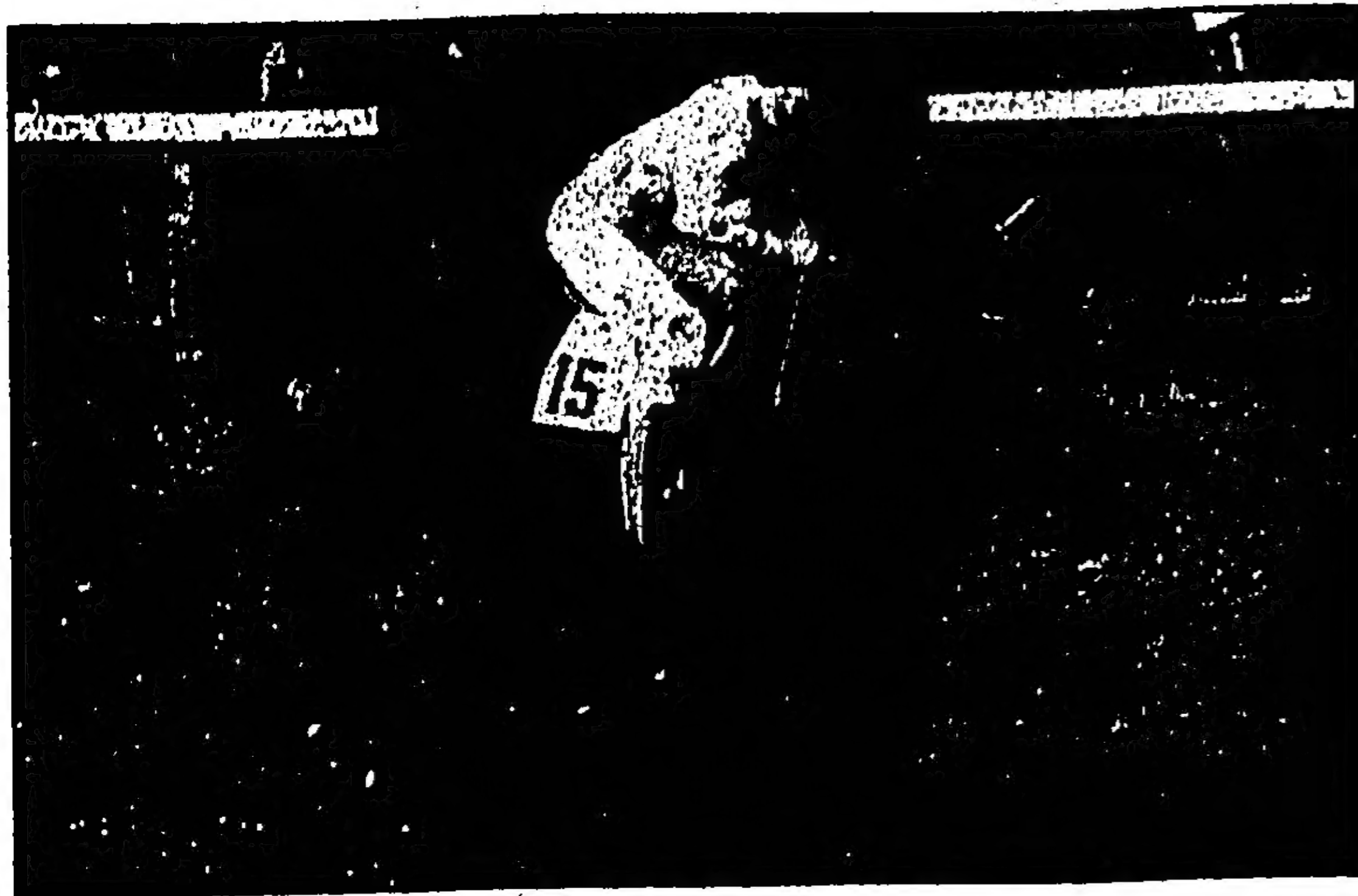
I have yet to meet an athlete who is conceited. They know too well how their own form varies for unexplainable factors from one meeting to another, how easy it is to lose form, how easy it is to be beaten. I can just recall a Shanghai team at Manila and the way they were at the Asian Games. I am sure that they were not so much as disqualified.

—RECORDED

POP



DERBY CANDIDATE



Mr William Woodward's Ambler II is one of the candidates for this year's Derby, to be run at Epsom on June 2. It was quoted at 18-1 at the last Victoria Club callover.—Central Press Photo.

The Bunker Bogey Can Be Beaten

Says BERNARD HUNT

I believe that the handicap golfer can only acquire the "know-how" of good bunker play by getting right down into a bunker, and working his way out by an hour of steady, sensible practice. I don't suggest that you would frighten Ben Hogan after your first hour, but I am pretty certain you would be getting very near the "feel" which is so much an essential of the good bunker shot.

Lots of people will tell you that the Americans are so good out of their sand traps that they aim to get right down the hole without even the bother of a putt. Well, so do our boys over here. What's more sometimes we get down!

I believe the main ingredient for putting that ball against the pin from sand is "confidence." Add a spot of practice to that and you're getting somewhere. Quite frankly, there is very little in the technique of the bunker shot.

I don't fiddle about with my grip in any way. I feel the texture of the sand by wriggling my feet well into position. I open my stance slightly and play a right cut shot firmly through the ball.

According to the softness or firmness of the sand, and the distance I intend to hit the ball, I judge the strength of the strike. Many people advocate "exploding" the ball out by hitting a couple of inches behind it and letting the sand do the trick. Well, in certain conditions of lie and sand, that can be the ideal answer. But I don't think one can generalise so widely.

SEMI-EXPLOSION SHOT

With modern sand - blasters and heavy-soled clubs the semi-explosion shot is a fairly simple proposition, but you can only judge your distances and exactly where you should hit behind the ball by trial and error in bunker practice.

When you do attempt the semi-explosion type of shot, remember that you must strike firmly, with a full swing of the club—and you must follow boldly through to give the club-head a chance to do the extra work you are asking from it.

But you can't always "explode" the ball from a bunker. It would be stupid to attempt such a shot in wet or firm sand. Your club would

merely bounce and top the ball. The firmer the sand, then, the more clearly you must take the ball, and the more carefully you must judge the strength of your blow.

I still apply the same method. I open my stance slightly and play a slight cut-shot across the ball. But here I don't explode it out as much as cut it out—taking a small divot of sand after the ball is away.

When the sand is really hard I play what is really a straight chip shot. And if the sand is smooth and hard, and there is no lip on the bunker, I don't hesitate about using my putter to run it up to the hole.

From all this you will gather that a great deal of common sense must come into your bunker play. But then a great deal of common sense and judgment comes into all good golf, and I think these are some of the qualities which make it such a great and fascinating game.

But I must stress that there are no insuperable problems about the bunker shot—especially about the actual playing of the ball. The main difficulty for most amateurs is in their mind. They dread being trapped. Psychologically they let their hearts drop to their boots whenever they see their ball kick into the sand. They feel that the hole is lost.

KEY IS CONFIDENCE

Yet, although this dread is so often there, bunker practice is the rarest of all the things attempted by the average player. You will see him slamming drives, pitching beautifully for hours after hour, but how seldom

one ever sees him tuning-up in a bunker.

Maybe if you could solve this little psychological trick for yourself you would solve a great many of the problems of your golf. For this business goes much further than the actual fluff of a shot from sand.

Very often players are so scared of getting into the bunker to the right of the green, for instance, that they pull away to the left; in fear of the trap in front they hit wildly through. Instead of pitching boldly for the flag—instead of being decisive—they are being negative at the most vital part of the game.

You can't dither about a shot and expect it to be accurate. So my advice is to get on terms with your bunker play. Practise it, gain confidence when in the bunker and your whole game will be revitalised.

When I said I opened my stance for my bunker shots, I merely take my left foot back a matter of three or four inches. I grip firmly on the club to maintain good hand control, and then swing at the ball with a full shoulder pivot and a full follow through. Above all don't "dig" for the ball. Remember that the blade of the club has to get through in order to get behind the ball and get it out. Give it a chance.

The whole shot is bound up in confidence and good timing. And only practice can give you that in the varied conditions which make up bunker play. The best tip of all is to have on hand with your professional in the biggest bunker on your course. You'll find it easy.

PAKISTAN TEAM WOULD HAVE PROFITED FROM PRE-TOUR PUBLICITY

Says ALEC BEDSER

I cannot remember a touring side arriving in England with such little advance publicity as the men from Pakistan. True, they are the "babes" of the Imperial Cricket Conference only recently granted Test status and to most followers of the game they are quite an unknown quantity.

But even so, used as we are to receiving tourists with a flourish of trumpets, with much speculation as to their form and prospects, it is indeed a change for a side to slip into the country, as it were, without the man in the street being able to name at the most one or two of their players.

Last season the leading cricket correspondents went to join the Australian party on its way to England. By the time Hurrell's men reached Southampton everything to be discovered about the team had been printed.

LITTLE IS KNOWN

Apart from the skipper, Kardar, who toured England with the All-India team of 1946 under the name of Abdul Hafeez and later played for Oxford University and Warwickshire, little is known about the 18 players with the tongue-twisting names.

Frankly I think they made a mistake in arriving in England AFTER the season had actually started. They lost some useful publicity and, let's face it, cricket is a newspaper space and radio time just as much as football, athletics, boxing and other sportsmen, especially in England where there is a good deal of competition.

To my mind Pakistan will have to pull in some exceptional performances to whip up public interest. But only foolishness is regarding the results of the four Tests with England as foregone conclusions.

One critic wrote: "If England do not win there will be nothing left for us but the canal." The fact that the Indians were crushed in the 1952 season lends argument to a prediction of an easy England success the Pakistan team having in turn lost to India.

But there is one pointer many people have overlooked. Twelve of the Pakistan players have had experience of English conditions.

1,500,000 TICKETS

A million and a half tickets are to be printed for the 1954 Olympic Games in Melbourne. Distribution will start next April. In September, official invitations will be sent out to the 68 countries affiliated to the International Olympic Committee.

With last week's confirmation that the Games will be held in Melbourne, the Organising Committee is proceeding with preparations to accommodate about 6,000 visiting athletes, team officials and other official visitors. The £3,000,000 construction programme has already begun and will be in full swing within a couple of months.—(London Express Service)

With admirable foresight the Pakistan Board of Control have been sending their key players in the last two years to England for coaching by Alf Gover at his London cricket school. They formed a team called the Pakistan Eaglets and their record against clubs of good standing was most encouraging.

Alf Gover tells me they will be better on firm wickets and at the time of writing this it is cold here and it is raining! The climate here is certainly tough on men used to sunshine but the heat and glare is equally hard on English teams touring overseas.

Last year at Worcester some of the Australians found it so cold they put brown paper next to their skin and wore two and three sweaters. When I told them that I felt the cold at Perth, Western Australia, in 1950, they would not believe me. Yet, to a man, Freddie Brown's side playing against West Australia was frozen to the marrow!

HORRIFYING COLD

For cricketers used to the fierce sun of India, Pakistan, the Caribbean and the Eastern States of Australia the cold winds of England's spring are horrifying.

There is the constant fear of catching a chill or becoming a victim of fibrositis, the cricketer's occupational disease!

The English climate can be so variable too. Last year the Australians, despite turning blue with cold at Worcester, ran into fine weather and had an early opportunity of settling down. I hope that Pakistan will be equally fortunate.

In any case Pakistan are going to be opposed to cricketers fired with the ambition of going to Australia in September—and that means there will be no punches pulled.

England has proved she can field the makings of a team capable of holding the Ashes and my long-range forecast is that we shall rely on players of experience rather than experiment with untried youth.

Yet here are some youngsters I recommend you to keep in mind: Colin Cowdrey, the Oxford University captain, Des Barrick of Northants, Peter Richardson of Worcestershire, Peter Loader of Surrey, Frank

Tyson of Northants, Robin Marshall of Sussex, and Keith Andrew, the Northants wicket-keeper.

And I should not be surprised to see Brian Close of Yorkshire stage a comeback. There is also a young batsman named Ray Illingworth in Yorkshire to add to England's cricket bloom.

That Tiny Flame Has Become A Raging Fire

Last-minute victory snatches in the F.A. Cup Final seen the modern order of things. As one watched West Bromwich Albion do the trick against Preston North End close on time, just as one saw Blackpool the season before metaphorically speaking snuff the Cup off the Bolton mantelpiece in the last dying seconds, a Pressman colleague, up for his umpteenth final and somewhat of an historian on soccer matters, told me how his researches in a Cup history had revealed quite the most amazing Fourth Round of all.

This was at the Oval 75 years ago when the "gentlemen" picked out of the Royal Engineers, the Wanderers and Cambridge University and specially blended to win the Cup as the Old Etonians, faced a team of "working men" from Darwen, a town of itself neither remarkable for its culture or refinement," said the "Athletic World", whose entry was openly described as a "piece of presumption."

Fifteen minutes from the end saw the Old Etonians with a 3-1 lead. Then that Northern demon took possession of Darwen who electrified the mere 200 spectators by piling on four quick goals, but were denied extra time to turn stalemate into victory.

Lancashire obliged the Impecunious Lancashire team to replay at the Oval. Public funds made it possible and again there was a draw. The Darwen team returned home penniless and scraped the barrel for money to fight for the third time at the Oval, but none for overnight accommodation.

It was a tired team that succumbed 6-2 to the fresh and wealthy Old Etonians. But it was written from those Darwen deeds "was kindled a tiny flame in the North, a flame that was one day to become a raging fire."

North v. South

Johnny Sullivan, of Preston, will fight Gordon Hazell, of Bristol, for the British middle-weight title vacated by Randolph Turpin. But their battle in the ring may be nothing to one fought out before it by promoters for the right to stage the bout. Promoters will divide themselves into two camps, north and south. Sullivan is for the north, and Hazell for the south.—(London Express Service).

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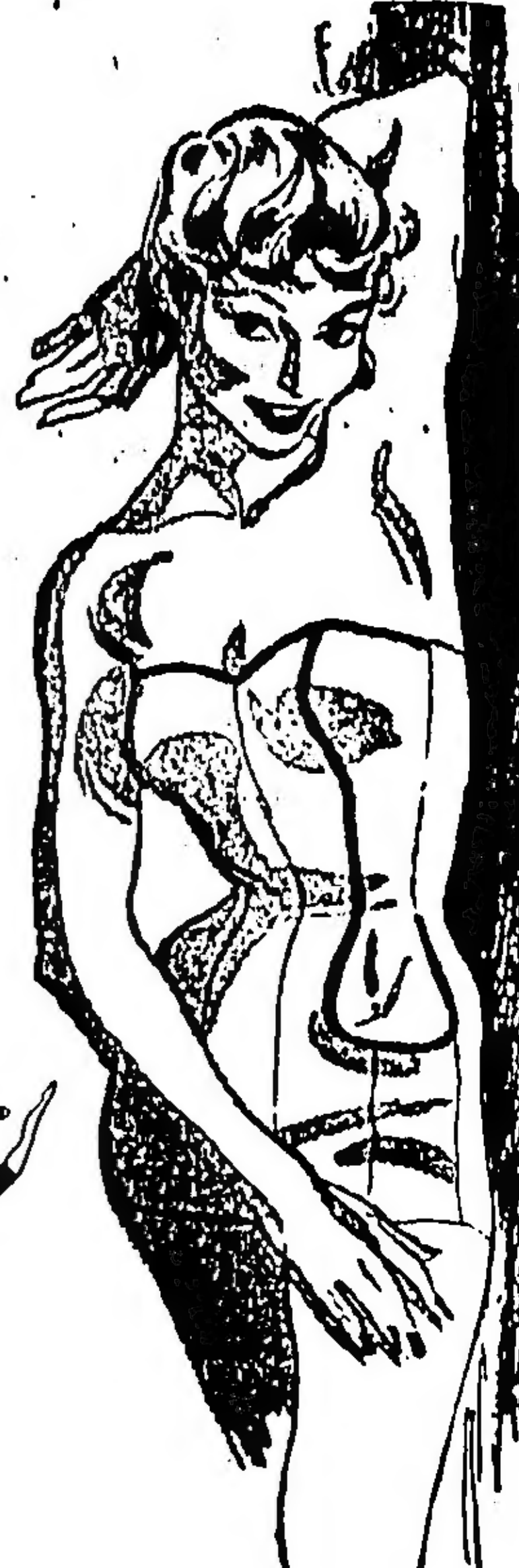
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB TWELFTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 22nd May, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES. The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race will start at 2 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each and Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on the race day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

TOTALISATOR

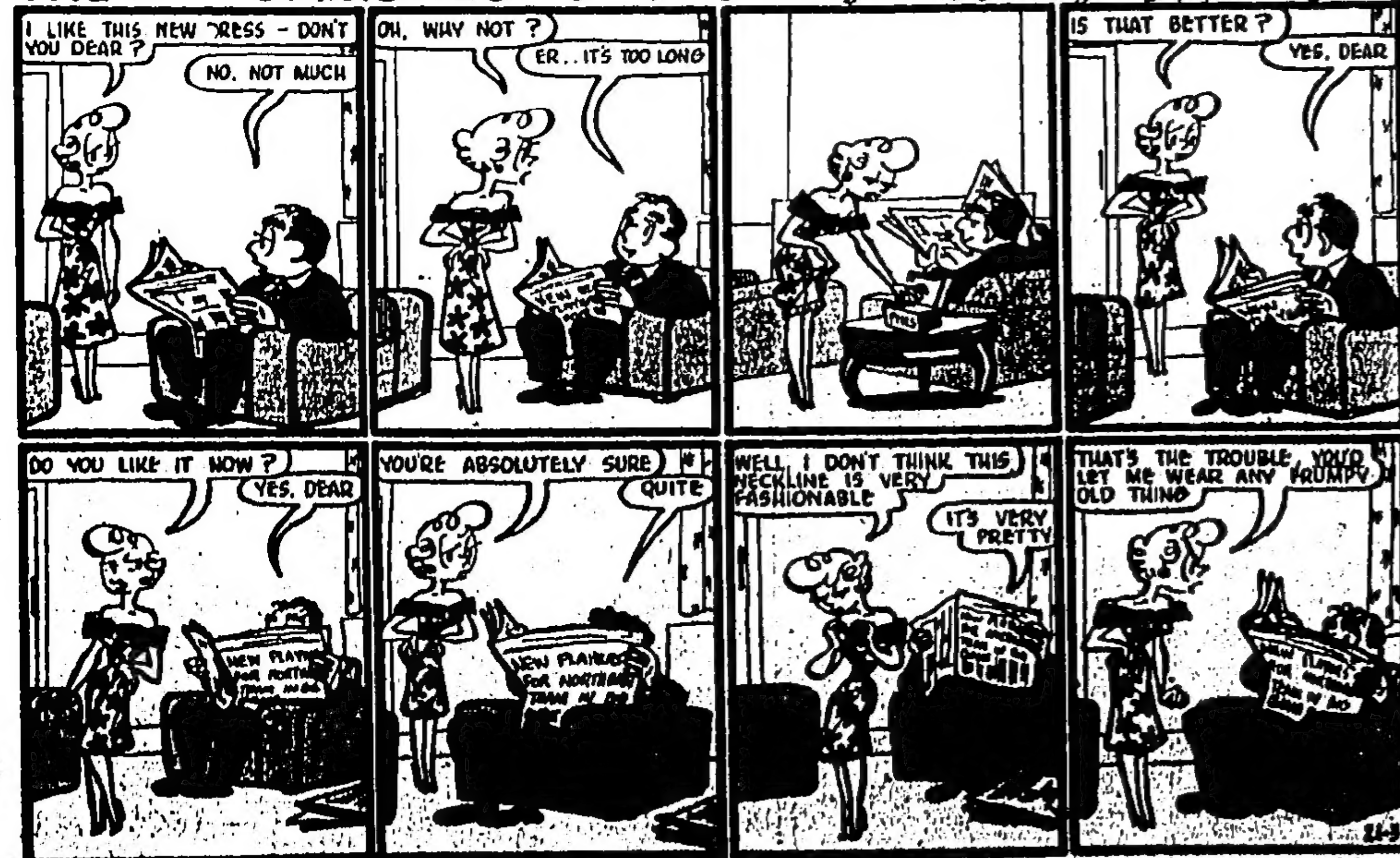
Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS. Bookmakers, Tice Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS



Here is:—



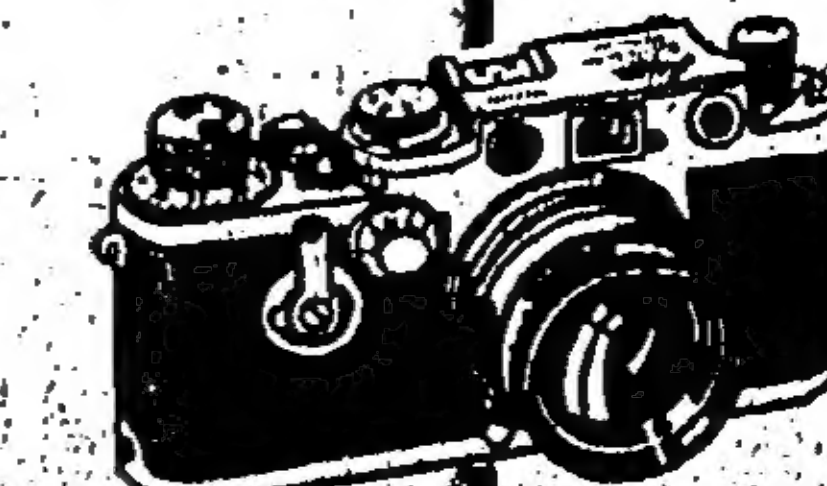
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"AEneas"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th June 14th June

Scheduled sailings from Europe

Sails		
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9. "EUMAEUS"	do	29th May
10. "ASCANIUS"	do	31st May
11. "PELEUS"	do	2nd June
12. "AGAPENOR"	do	4th June
13. "CALCHAS"	do	6th June
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15. "PATROCLOS"	do	10th June

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

ZOO'S WHO

THE GIBBON IS THE MOST AGILE OF ALL THE MONKEY FAMILY.



ZOOLOGY IS THE STUDY OF THE SCIENCE OF BIRD EGGS.



BOTH DUCK AND GOOSE, AS WELL AS THE COMMON BARNYARD HEN, WERE MAN'S DOMESTIC COMPANIONS LONG BEFORE THE DAWN OF WRITTEN HISTORY.



FUR SEALS CAN DIVE TO DEPTHS OF MORE THAN 200 FEET IN THEIR SEARCH FOR FOOD.

'Bravest' Was Rank Given Pawnee Lad

By HAROLD GLUCK

PETA-LA-SHA-ROO was the son of La-le-sha, or Old Knife, a Pawnee chief. Peta-la-sha-roo was a brave, that is, one who has greatly distinguished himself in battle, and is next in importance to a chief. At the early age of twenty-one, this young man had, by his heroic deeds, acquired for himself the rank of "the bravest of the braves."

The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this tribe. The humane La-le-sha had long endeavored to put a stop to their cruel custom, but in vain. In a warlike expedition against the Kiowas, a woman was taken prisoner, who, on the return of the victors, was doomed to suffer.

The unfortunate victim was bound to the stake. Then a vast crowd assembled on the plains to witness the shocking scene. Peta-la-sha-roo, unbowed, had stationed two fine horses at a little distance from the spot, and was now seated among the



Peta-la-sha-roo performed a heroic deed when he rescued the captive about to be burned at stake.

crowd. All were now anxiously awaiting for the beginning of the frightful tragedy. The torch was being carried when suddenly our Indian hero rushed forward.

In his hand there was a sharp knife. With this he cut the cord that bound the poor captive. Then he lifted her into his arms and ran to the two horses. He placed her on one horse and mounted the other. Together they made a successful dash for safety. He returned the maiden to her people.

When he returned to his village, there was silence. For a great decision had been made—never again to offer human sacrifice.

* * *

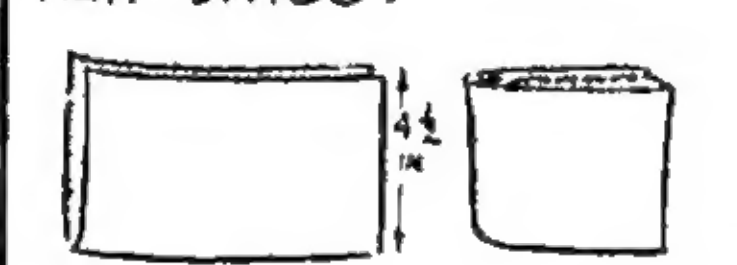
In 1821, this heroic Indian made a trip to Washington on official business concerning his people. The story of his brave deed had been told to many while he was there. The young ladies of Miss White's boarding school in that city decided to give him some demonstration of the esteem in which they held him. For to these young girls it certainly was a very brave deed. So they presented him with a silver medal and one of them made the following address: "Brother, accept this token of our esteem. Always wear it for our sake. And whenever again you have the power to save a poor woman from death or torture, think of us, and fly to her relief and rescue."

The Indian's reply was as follows:

"Sisters and Friends: This (meaning the medal) will give me more ease than I ever had. And I will listen more than ever I did to white men. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance. But I now know what I have done."

QUICKIE MAY BASKET

1. Fold a 9 inch square of COLORED PAPER in half twice.



2. THEN FOLD AGAIN ON DOTTED LINE.



3. CUT ON HEAVY LINES LIKE THIS!



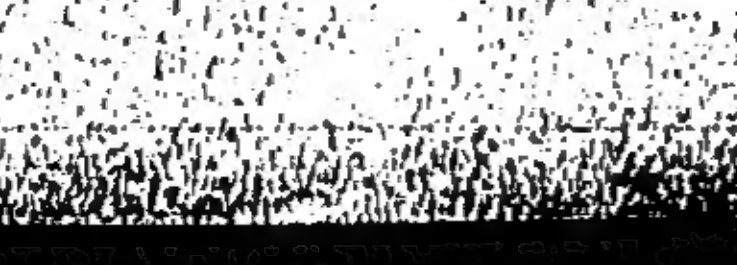
4. OPEN FOLD 1 AND 2



5. FOLD FLAPS A AND C INTO CENTER AND TIE TOGETHER WITH A SMALL PIECE OF RIBBON.

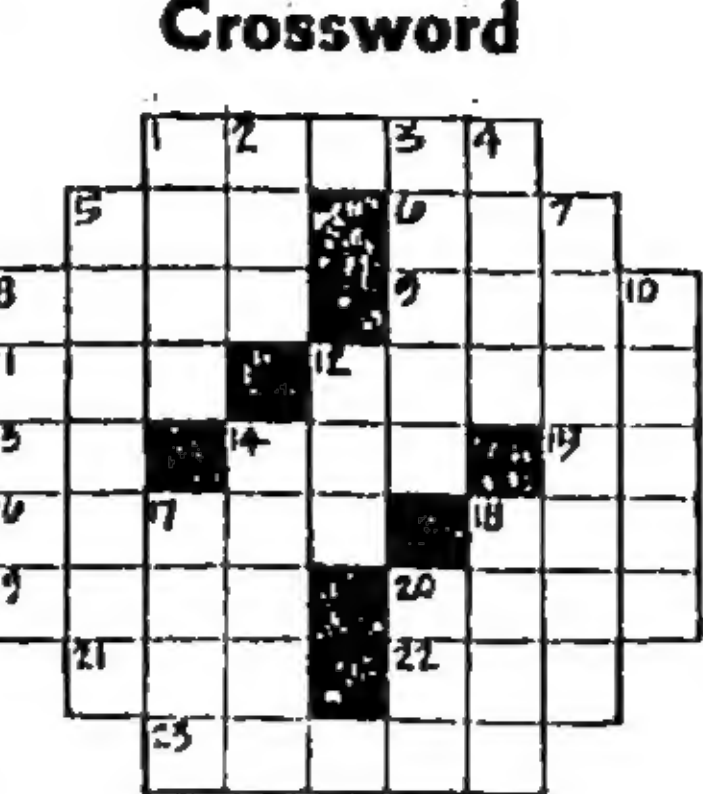


WITH A SMALL PIECE OF RIBBON. THEN FOLD UP FLAPS B AND D AND TIE WITH A LARGER RIBBON.



Variety Wit Work

Crossword



How Many Words?

See how many five-letter words you can make by using just the five letters A, E, M, S, and T. Use all the letters in each word.

Homonym

Puzzle Pete's missing words sound alike, but are spelled differently. Can you finish his sentence?

She didn't feel so—after resting all—

Triangle

Here's a triangle based on REPEATS. The second word is "a musical note"; third "energy"; fourth "effective"; fifth "parts of books"; and sixth "to soften in temper."

DOWN

1. Grafted (her).
2. Legal point.
3. Steady.
4. Facility.
5. Prayers.
6. Malice.
7. Solitary.
8. Domestic slaves.
9. Onager.
10. Follow after.
11. Small.
12. Press.
13. Collection of sayings.

REPEATS

(Solutions on Page 20)

The Rag Doll Lost Her Face!

—It Happened when She Stayed in the Rain—

By MAX TRELL

"NOW you may think I'm careless, always losing things," said Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, to Knarf and Handl, the shadow-children with the turned-about names. "But I'm not nearly as careless as poor Mary Jane."

Mary Jane was the rag doll. "Why, what did Mary Jane do that was so careless?" Handl wanted to know.

"She lost something that belonged to her," replied Teddy. "And it's something that no one has ever lost before. She lost her face!"

The Rain Did It

Knarf and Handl gasped with astonishment. "Yes, lost her face," said Teddy. "She stayed out in the rain, and when the rain was over, Mary Jane had no more face. The rain had washed her face away!"

Knarf and Handl went at once to see Mary Jane. They found her sitting in the corner of the playroom, next to General Tin, the Tin Soldier, and Mr. Punch, the Puppet. Sure enough, just as Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, said the poor rag doll was without a face. Where her eyes and nose and mouth had been, there was now nothing but a blank.

Mary Jane felt very sad. But as she had no mouth, she couldn't complain, and as she had no eyes, she couldn't cry, and as she had no nose, she couldn't sniffle. All she could do was sit very quietly wondering if she would ever have a face again.

Annoying Situation

"It's very annoying not to have a face," said General Tin. "I'd be glad to let her have mine, only how would the face of a tin soldier look on a rag doll?"

"She could have my face," said Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, "only my face would look even worse if she had it."

"A new face is what she must have," said Mr. Punch. "But it's got to be a face that will look good on a rag doll. Now I have an idea."

With that he called Knarf to his side and whispered something in the shadow boy's ear. The next moment, Knarf slipped outside into the garden. Everyone in the playroom wondered how he was going to find a new face for Mary Jane in the garden, but Mr. Punch just sat and smiled.

A few minutes later, Knarf returned. Over his shoulder, he



The Shadows gasped when they saw Mary Jane without a face.

was carrying two clovers, a buttercup and a rose.

"Here's Mary Jane's face," Knarf said.

A Flower Face

So the two clovers became Mary Jane's eyes and the buttercup became her nose and the rose (it was just a bud) became her mouth.

"She looks nice enough to be kissed," said Mr. Punch. And that's what he did—he kissed her.

And Mary Jane was so happy that now she really cried. Or perhaps the two tears that rolled off her buttercup-nose were just dew drops.

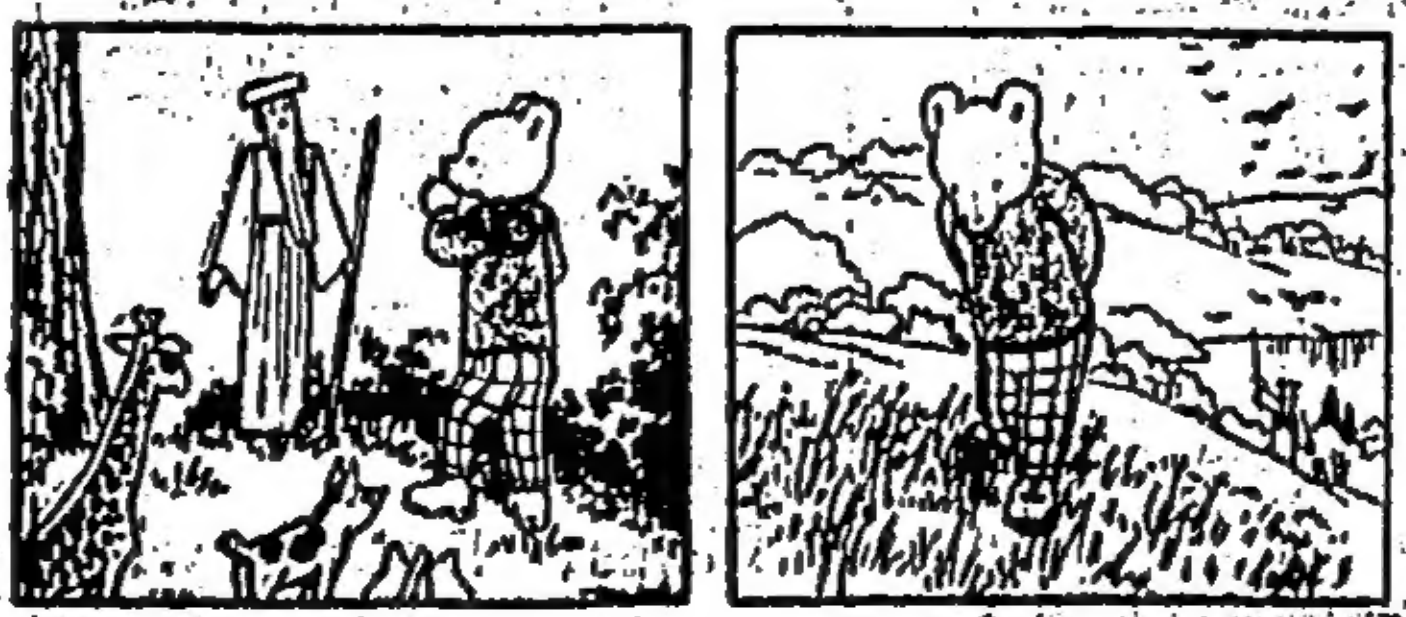
LETTER OUT

Drop out one letter from each word below, and rearrange the remaining letters to make the meaning given. The word to make from No. 1 is POOR.

1. DROOP—Destitute.
2. CREESE—To rub out.
3. PASSED—Digging tool.
4. LEFT—Fairy.
5. FLOUR—The square of two.
6. EAGLE—High wind.
7. REALLY—Ahead of time.
8. WRITE—Send a telegram.
9. GANDER—Rage.
10. TRACE—A wagon.
11. BLEND—Dull-coloured.
12. HOUSE—Footwear.
13. TALON—Woman's low voice.
14. RETARD—To buy and sell.
15. LEAVE—A kind of meat.
16. CELLAR—Transparent.
17. STEEP—A nuisance.
18. ELASTIC—Large stately residence.
19. HONEST—Opposite of "nice."
20. ANSWER—Trap.

(Solutions on Page 20)

Rupert and The Lost Cuckoo—27



Mr. Noah commands every bird at once to search for the missing cuckoo. Then he turns to Rupert. "They cannot search very far," he says. "In fact, except for my messenger dove, they must not go out of sight of the Ark or they might not find their way back."

A new story

Rupert and the Space Ship

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"CANTON"	31st July	31st August

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"SOUDAN"	10th July	U.K.

Homewards	Leaving	For
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	sails 28th May	for Japan
"UMARIA"	due 28th May	from Japan
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